

SCREAM

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1973
T.M.

INSIDE—VAMPIRES!
WEREWOLVES!
AND FEAR!



A SKYWALK
HORROR-MOOD
PUBLICATION

in this WEIRDE issue

THE WEIRDEST
CLASSIC
TALE
OF
HORROR
EVER
WRITTEN

THE
PHANTOM
OF
THE
OPERA

by GASTON LEROUX

illustrated by JESUS DURAN

a
tale
of
the
TORMENTED
DEAD

this extraordinary tale of terror, horror, evil, madness, monsters, murder, death, disguise, lunacy, strangeness, grotesqueness, torture and namely much ODDNESS is an 18-page MASTERPIECE beginning . . . ugh . . . on page 4 . . .



SCREAM

in this incredible issue :
weird CONTEST : page 53

Introducing a brand new horror-mood artist RUBEN SOSA . . . page 45

an illustrated story by EDGAR ALLAN POE page 33

the EVIL ORIGIN SAGA of LADY SATAN . . . page 24

special feature length CLASSIC — THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA . . . page 4

the continuing **TALES OF NOSFERATU** — on page 57

— PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSHEL WALDMAN

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST VILANOVA — MAELO CINTRON JESUS DURAN GASTON LEROUX
MARO NAVA EDGAR ALLAN POE RUBEN SOSA RICARDO VILLAMONTE ZESAR

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

Messrs. **NOSFERATU: THE TALE**
CRYPTS and OF ANOTHER!
GRAVES:

UNDERTAKERS PAGE 53
HORROR
PREVIEW
CONTEST

WHAT IS EVIL
and
WHAT IS NOT?

LADY SATAN



THE **FALL** OF THE
HOUSE
OF **USHER!**

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...THE ATMOSPHERE INSIDE THE **PARIS OPERA HOUSE** THAT NIGHT WAS ONE BEST DESCRIBED AS **WETNESS**... IT WAS WET AND WRETCHED OUTSIDE AS THE COMBINED RICH OF THE CITY COLLECTED TOGETHER AND MUDDED FROM THE RAIN AS THEY RAN IN FROM THEIR CARRIAGES...



...ONE DID NOT HIDE FROM THE WET... HE **WCOMPTÉ RAOUL DE CHAGNY**... HE SHELTERED HIS FEATURES UNDER A MASK SO NOT TO BE **RECOGNIZED**... SO WERE HIS **CHARACTERS**... DELIVERED TO HIM EARLIER THAT DAY IN A **NOTE** FROM HIS **BELOVED**... **CHRISTINE DAAE**...

...THE LOBBY **SMELLED** AND WAS **DAMP**... THE WALLS **SWATED**... THE CEILING **DRIPPED**... THE FLOOR WAS **AWKWARDLY SOGGY** AS THEY TOOK OFF THEIR CLOAKS AND SHOOK THEM... SHOWED THEIR COSTUMES AND THEN BEGAN TO **LAUGH** AND BECAME **DRY**...



...**RAOUL** STOOD BEHIND A CHIMNEY; IT DRIPPED ON HIM... HE PAID ATTENTION ONLY TO THE **RED DEATH'S** HEAD WHICH LEERED ABOUT THE ROOM...

...A GROUP GATHERED AROUND A PERSON WHOSE OBLIQUE, ECCENTRIC AIR, AND CADAVEROUS APPEARANCE WERE CAUSING A SENSATION... TRAILING BEHIND HIM, GIBBERED ON HIS SCARLET ROBE... THESE WORDS WARNED: TOUCH ME NOT! I AM RED DEATH ...

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

ILLUSTRATED BY DORAN
WRITTEN BY GASTON LEONIS

...ONE TOUCHED HIM... AND AS HE DID A SKELETON HAND EXPLODED FROM THE CRIMSON SLEEVE, AND VIOLENTLY SEIZED THE MAN'S WRIST AND BROKE IT, AS HE TIPPED AT THE HAND WITH AN AWFUL AND UNMEASURABLE POWER, HE WHO WAS RED DEATH TURNED... AND THE DECEPIT, FILTHY GROTESQUERY THAT WAS HIS MASK BROKE INTO A MAD, MANIACAL LAUGH... CRASHING HOBBLELY INTO THE ARMS OF THE COSTUMED THEATER-SOBS INTO A LUNATIC, BRAWLING, TEMPERAL, SHATTERING SCREECH... A TORRANT OF OBSCENE SCREAMS TORN OUT OF HIS MADMAN THROAT... UH... DESSENEBATE.

CHAPTER ONE

...THE GOOD... THE BAD...
AND THE WEIRD...





...COME...

I MUST HAVE WORDS WITH HIM...

...COME...



CHRISTINE... FOR GOD'S SAKE... WHAT IS THIS GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK ALL ABOUT?... WHY ARE WE WEARING THESE DISGUISES AND WHY THIS MOTE THIS AFTERNOON?... WHAT HAS BEEN TROUBLING YOU THESE LAST FEW WEEKS?

...NO QUESTIONS RAOUL...



...CHRISTINE!...

SSSSSH!
...SEEK MY LOVE...



...IT'S HIM...
...HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR TROUBLES...
...ISN'T HE?

...NO RAOUL...
DON'T...



NO!

WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT ME
SO CLOSE HIM? HE IS THE
TROUBLE ISN'T HE...

CHRISTINE, MY GOD CHRISTINE...
I LOVE YOU... WHO IS THIS MAN
TO COME BETWEEN US?... DOES HE
HAVE YOU UNDER SOME SPELL?



I... CANNOT ANSWER ANY
OF YOUR QUESTIONS NOW
RAOUL... GIVE ME... GIVE
ME SOME TIME PLEASE
...ALL WILL BE MADE CLEAR
TO YOU MY LOVE... IN TIME...

...YOU SAID...
'MY LOVE'... THEN
YOU DO LOVE ME
CHRISTINE...

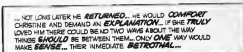
YES BUT... I CANNOT BE
YOUR BETROTHED MOM...
YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT
RAOUL... JUST WAIT
A BIT...



... RAOUL LEFT HER AND WALKED ALONE
THROUGH THE WET STREETS... THO THE
RAIN WAS STOPPED THE TEARS IN
HIS EYES EASILY MADE SUCH A
DISTINCTION NEGLIGABLE...



... HE FOUND HER DRESSING ROOM EMPTY AND DARK... HE LOOKED ABOUT
FOR A BIT BEFORE HE HEARD HER FOOT FALLS IN THE HALL AND
IRRATIONALLY, SLIPPED BEHIND A LARGE CURTAIN AS SHE ENTERED...



... NOT LONG LATER HE RETURNED... HE WOULD COMFORT
CHRISTINE AND DEMAND AN EXPLANATION... IF SHE TRULY
LOVED HIM THERE COULD BE NO TWO WAYS ABOUT THE WAY
THINGS SHOULD BE BETWEEN THEM... ONLY ONE WAY WOULD
MAKE SENSE... THEIR IMMEDIATE BETROTHAL...



...SHE WENT TO HER WRITING DESK AND WROTE
 4 PAGES OF NOTES BEFORE SHE TURNED UP HER
 HEAD AND SOFTLY SANG *THE LOVE SONGS*
 FROM THE OPERETTA "ROMEO AND JULIETTE".
 SHE LIFTED HER VOICE HIGHER AND LOUDEER
 TILL SHE WAS MYSTERIOUSLY JOINED BY A
 MASQUINE TENOR WHOSE RICH AND ROBUST
 VOICE CAME FROM THIN AIR ITSELF...



... SHE DIRECTED HERSELF TO A
 LARGE WALL MIRROR AND SANG LOUDLY AND
 HAPPILY... HER VOICE PROUD AND FULL...THE TENOR, SUDDENLY **STOPPED**
 AND SHE QUIETED AND FOLLOWED HIS EXAMPLE...AS RAQUEL BOLDLY STEPPED
 OUT FROM THE CURTAIN HE HEARD THE VOICE OF THE **MADMAN**...



... RATE LINKS THERE
 TO ME FOREVER AND
 A DAY!

...RAQUEL STEPPED TO THE
 CENTER OF THE ROOM WHERE
 CHRISTINE HAD STOOD... AND FOUND
 HE WAS **ALONE**...

CHRISTINE...
 WHERE ARE YOU?
 ... SHE ... IS **VANISHED**...
 INTO THIN AIR... I DIDN'T
 SEE HER LEAVE... AND...
 THE DOOR IS **CLOSED**...
 ... WHERE DID SHE GO?



MADAME... I BELIEVE CHRISTINE TO BE IN GREAT DANGER AND I IMPLORE YOU TO HAVE HER MAKE EXPLANATION OF HER ACTIVITIES...

...THE DAY FOLLOWING THAT MACABRE NIGHT HE VISITED CHRISTINE AT HER HOME IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MOTHER... MADAME VALERIUS... HE CAME UPON A CHARMING PICTURE... CHRISTINE HERSELF WAS SEATED BY THE OLD LADY'S BESIDE AND THE LATTER WAS SITTING UP AGAINST HER PILLOWS, KNITTING...

CHRISTINE... IN DANGER?... WHAT IS THIS CHRISTINE?...

DON'T BELIEVE HIM, MAMA... DON'T BELIEVE HIM... I AM MISTRESS OF MY OWN ACTIVITIES, MONSIEUR DE CHABRY, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO CONTROL THEM AND THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN IN THE WORLD WHO HAS THE RIGHT TO DEMAND AN ACCOUNT OF ME - MY HUSBAND! WELL, I HAVE NO HUSBAND AND I MEAN NEVER TO MARRY...

THAT... IS A PRESENT...

... I WATCHED YOU IN YOUR ROOM LAST NIGHT CHRISTINE... AND I HEARD HIS VOICE...

FORGET YOU EVER HEARD THAT VOICE MONSIEUR... THERE IS NO MORE AWFUL MYSTERY ON THIS EARTH... SWEAR TO ME THAT YOU WILL MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO FIND OUT...

... THEN, I WILL DO AS YOU ASK... AND WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW...

THEN... WHAT IS THAT WEDDING RING YOUR WIFE WEAR?

... HE KISSED HER HANDS AFTER THAT AND WENT AWAY... CURSING THE VOICE AND RESOLVING TO BE PATIENT...

...THE FOLLOWING DAY HE SAW HER AT THE OPERA... SHE WAS STILL WEARING THE PLAIN GOLD RINGS, BUT SHE WAS GENTLE AND KIND TO HIM, AND TALKED OF THE PLANS WHICH HE WAS FORMING... OF HIS FUTURE AND CAREER... AND THEN SHE PLEDGED HERSELF TO HIM...



MADAMOISELLE, I HAVE THE HONOUR TO ASK FOR YOUR HAND!

WHY YOU HAVE BOTH OF THEM ALREADY MY DEAR RAOUL...

...THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE HAPPY ONES FOR THEM BOTH... CHRISTINE'S VOICE AT THE OPERA WAS NEVER MORE BEAUTIFUL... AND RAOUL WAS IN HEAVEN EVERY MOMENT HE WAS WITH HER...



...ONE DAY HE PLAYFULLY CHASED HER UP THROUGH THE RAFTERS AND WOODED CEILINGS OF THE GREAT OPERA HOUSE...

...AND WHEN THEY CAME TO THE ROOF AND THE SOFT STARS CHRISTINE WAS QUIET... AND AT GREAT EASE AND COMFORT WITH BACK... AND HERE IN THE WARMTH OF HIS ARMS SHE TOLD HIM THE DREADFUL STORY:



"WE ARE IN NO DANGER HERE... HERE I CAN SPEAK TO YOU AND FEEL FREE TO TELL YOU THE TERRIBLY STORY, RAOUL... IT'S AWFUL..."

...ON THE FIRST TIME I SAW HIM I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE!

"... AT FIRST IT WAS ONLY A VOICE AS IF IT WERE COMING FROM ANOTHER ROOM... IT SPOKE TO ME AND ANSWERED MY QUESTIONS... SOMEHOW I WAS NOT AFRAID OF IT... THEN HE SAUNG WITH ME, HE WAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL AND MARVELLOUS VOICE, AND HE COACHED ME AND TAUGHT ME VOICE LESSONS WITH A SPEED AND EFFECT I COULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED... THEN IT FOUND OUT ABOUT YOU! AND BECAME SO VERY AMBRY I THOUGHT HIS VOICE WOULD CRASH THE WALLS DOWN... HE TOLD ME HE WAS A REAL MAN AND WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME... HIS VOICE WAS MASTERFUL AND SO COMMANDING THAT ONE NIGHT AS I SANG WITH IT IN MY DRESSING ROOM I NEARLY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS... I SEEMED TO GO DIRECTLY THROUGH MY MIRROR... THAT WAS THE NIGHT, I GATHER, YOU WERE BEHIND MY CURTAIN..."

... WHEN I SEEMED TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS I WAS ON THE EDGE OF A LAKE WHOSE WATERS WERE TERRIBLY BLACK... BESIDE ME HE STOOD--DRESSED WITH A LARGE COAT AND WEARING A MASK THAT HID HIS WHOLE FACE... HE TOOK ME INTO A BOAT AND ROWED WITH POWERFUL QUICK STROKES ACROSS THE LAKE... BUT HIS EYES... UNDER THAT MASK... NEVER LEFT MINE FOR EVEN A SECOND..."



...THEN THERE WAS A DAZZLING LIGHT AS HE STRUCK 'SHORE' AND THE MAN PICKED ME UP IN HIS ARMS AND CARRIED ME INTO A DRAWING ROOM WHICH SEEMED TO ME, DECORATED WITH MOTHHS BUT FLOWERS... CUT FLOWERS MAJIN PROMENT AND STUPID AT THE SAME TIME, BECAUSE OF THE BLK RIBBONS THAT TIED THEM INTO BASKETS...



DON'T BE AFRAID CHRISTINE... YOU ARE IN NO DANGER... NOT SO LONG AS YOU DO NOT TOUCH THE MASK!... IT IS TRUE CHRISTINE... I AM NOT AN ANGEL... NOR A GENIUS, NOR A GHOST... I AM ERIK...

...HE FILLS ME WITH HORROR BUT I DO NOT HATE HIM... HOW CAN I HATE HIM, BACUL? THINK OF ERIK AT MY FEET... IN THE HOUSE ON THAT LAKE... ALL UNDERGROUND...



I SLEPT... AND WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS ALONE... LYING ON A SOFA IN A LARGE ROOM... ON ONE SIDE OF THE ROOM WAS AN OPEN COFFIN COVER WHICH HUNG A CANOPY... IT WAS OF THE APPEARANCE OF A BED... AND I HESITATED TO CONJECTURE WHOSE... *HE* WHO SAT OPPOSITE ME WITH HIS BACK TURNED, SITTING AND PLAYING AN ORGAIN WHOSE KEYBOARD FILLED ONE WHOLE SIDE OF THE WALL..."

...SUDDENLY, I WANTED **DESPERATELY** TO SEE
BENEATH THE MASK... AND WITH A MOVEMENT WHICH I WAS
LITERALLY UNABLE TO CONTROL, I RAN TO HIM AND **TORE**
AWAY THE MASK WITH MY FINGERS...



...HE DRAGGED MY BY HAIR AND THEN... AND THEN... ON IT IS TOO
HORRIBLE... HE SEIZED MY HANDS AND DUG THEM INTO HIS
AWFUL FACE. HE TORE HIS FLESH WITH MY NAILS... HIS TERRIBLY
DEAD FLESH!...

PERHAPS YOU THINK I HAVE ANOTHER MASK, EH?
AND THAT THIS HEAD IS A MASK?

WELL... TEAR IT OFF AS YOU DID THE
OTHER!... I INSIST!... GIVE ME
YOUR HANDS!...

KNOW THAT IT IS A
CORPSE THAT LOVES
YOU AND ADORES YOU
AND WILL NEVER, NEVER
LEAVE YOU... AND
WILL NEVER NEVER
PERMIT YOU TO
LEAVE ME!

LOOK! DO YOU WANT
TO SEE? SEE! FEAST YOUR
EYES, AND YOUR SOUL ON MY
CURSED UGLINESS!

LOOK AT ERIK'S FACE!
ARE YOU SATISFIED? I'M
A GOOD-LOOKING FELLOW,
EH? WHEN A WOMAN
HAS SEEN ME
SHE BELONGS
TO ME!
SHE LOVES
ME
FOREVER!



...HERE ENDS CHAPTER ONE OF THE
TALE OF THE LUNATIC ERIK, THE
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA...
...CHAPTER TWO... IS A
CHAMBER OF TORTURES!



... CHRISTINE'S TALE CONCLUDES... SHE SHUDDERS AS SHE CRIES IN THE ARMS OF RACAL, ON THE ROOF OF THAT OPERA HOUSE... AND SHE SHIVERS... FOR IN THE DISTANCE SHE HEARS THE SOFT SOBBIING OF A MAN WHO IS HIDDEN... WHO HAS LISTENED TO THE STORY, AND WHO KNOWS THE STORY IS TRUE... FOR HE... HE IS THE MADMAN WHO IS:

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

AND SO STARTS CHAPTER TWO!

the torture chamber...

I AM... TERRIBLY COLD RACAL... LET US GO... NOW...



BUT TELL ME... NOW... HOW DID YOU ESCAPE FROM ERIK?...

"HE FLED FROM ME AND LEFT ME ALONE... PRESENTLY I COULD HEAR HIM PLAYING THE ORGAN... HE WAS PLAYING HIS MASTERPIECE: DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT... THAT WHICH HE HAD NEVER PLAYED FOR ANYONE... AT FIRST IT SEEMED TO ME A SINGLE, LONG, ASCENDING, MAGNIFICENT SOB. BUT LITTLE BY LITTLE, I BEGAN TO FEEL THAT IT EXPRESSED EVERY EMOTION, EVERY SUFFERING OF WHICH MANKIND IS CAPABLE..."



ERIK... SHOW ME YOUR FACE WITHOUT FEAR! I SWEAR THAT YOU ARE THE UNHAPPY AND SUBLIME OF MEN, AND IF EVER AGAIN I TREMBLE WHEN I SEE YOUR FACE IT WILL BE BECAUSE I AM THINKING OF THE SPLENDOR OF YOUR GENIUS...

"HE FELL AT MY FEET WITH WORDS OF LOVE IN HIS DEAD MOUTH... AND HE BELIEVED ME... HE VENTURED TO TAKE ME ON WALKS BY THE BANKS OF THE LAKE AND TO ROW ME IN THE BOAT... FINALLY HE LET ME FREE... HE TRUSTED ME... AND IF HE SHOULD EVER... WELL, IF HE SHOULD EVER KNOW MY TRUE FEELINGS-- I SHUDDER AT THE THOUGHT OF THE CONSEQUENCES..."





...CHRISTINE...
... HOW I LOVE
YOU ...



NO...
NOT *THIS* WAY...
HE'LL SEE YOU...
THAT WAY...

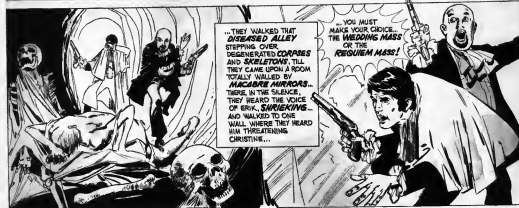


WHO WAS THAT?

I... DON'T KNOW... HE IS
REFERRED TO ONLY AS
...*THE PERSIAN*... I HAVE
SEEN HIM WITH ERIK... YET...
I SOMEHOW HAVE THE FEELING
HE IS MORE *AGAINST* THE
PHANTOM THAN *FOR* HIM...



...THE FOLLOWING NIGHT CHRISTINE DAAE WAS PLAYING
IN THE OPERA IN *FAUST*... THEY HAD PLANNED TO ELOPE
FROM THE CITY IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE PERFORMANCE
...BUT AS RAOUL ARRIVED IN HER
DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE PER-
FORMANCE... HE FOUND HER *GONE*...
...AND IN HER PLACE...*THE PERSIAN*...





REQUIEM MASS IS NOT ALL THAT GLAY... WHERE AS THE WEDDING MASS IS MAGNIFICENT!

... I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS... LIVING LIKE A MOLE UNDER THE GROUND...

... NOW I WANT TO LIVE LIKE A NORMAL MAN AND HAVE A WIFE LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE... WHY DO YOU CRY? YOU KNOW IT HURTS TO BE YOU CRY!



... WHEN **THE MONSTER** LEFT... RAOUL CALLED TO THE SOBBING CHRISTINE...

CHRISTINE... IT IS ME...

DO NOT FEAR CHRISTINE... DO NOT CRY... I WILL GET YOU OUT...

ERIK... HE WILL BE UP, YOU...

ERIK IS RETURNING...



IF YOU DO NOT MARRY ME CHRISTINE... I WILL KILL EVERYBODY...

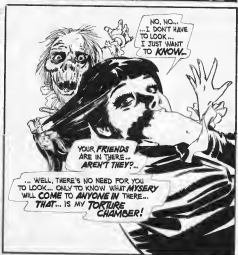
I... HAVE DECIDED...

I WILL GIVE YOU TILL ELEVEN O'CLOCK THIS NIGHT FOR REFLECTION... IF THE ANSWER IS STILL NO I WILL KILL EVERYBODY! I SWEAR IT...



WHAT... IS IN THAT ROOM ERIK?...


YOU WANT TO SEE?... COME AND LOOK...



NO, NO... I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK... I JUST WANT TO KNOW...

YOUR FRIENDS ARE IN THERE... AREN'T THEY?...

... WELL, THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO LOOK... ONLY TO KNOW WHAT MYSTERY WILL COME TO ANYONE IN THERE... THAT... IS MY TORTURE CHAMBER!



... SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASHED ON... THE ROOM WAS INCREDIBLY FLOODED BY A LIGHT WHICH PRODUCED AN INTENSE, SEERING HEAT WHICH IMMEDIATELY MADE THEM GASP AND CHOCKE...

... BUT WHAT WAS SHOCKING WAS THE NATURE OF THE ROOM... IT DID NOT APPEAR TO BE A ROOM AT ALL BUT A MESSY AFRICAN FOREST THAT SEEMED TO STRETCH FOR ENDLESS MILES!



... THEY BEGAN TO WALK... AND WALKED INTO LONG HOURS... WHETHER THEY WERE WALKING IN CIRCLES OR IN A PERFECTLY STRAIGHT LINE WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY... AND WAS IRRELEVANT IN ANY REGARD... FOR THEY FOUND NO EXIT... AND WERE EXHAUSTED NEAR THE POINT OF DEATH...



... AN OASIS!!
... FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY LOOK...
AN OASIS...

NO... NO...
... NO... IT'S A TRICK OF ERIK... IT'S ONLY A MIRAGE... DON'T TOUCH IT... DON'T GO NEAR IT...

OH GOD



... I... TOLD YOU... TOLD YOU... IT'S RED HOT!



... I'M GOING
TO BLOW MY
BRAINS OUT!



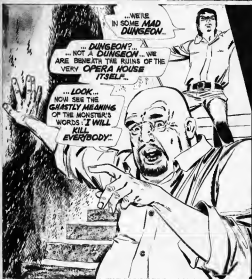
... NO... LOOK...
A LATCH... A LATCH...
WE'VE FOUND OUR
EXIT--

... MY GOD...
... A TRAPDOOR...



... MY GOD WE
ARE SAVED BY
THE AIR...

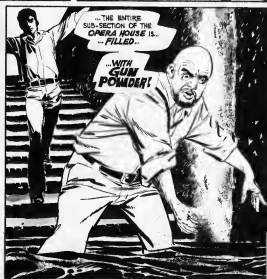
... THE AIR...



... WE'RE
IN SOME MAD
DUNGEON.

... DUNGEON?
... NOT A DUNGEON... WE
ARE BENEATH THE RUINS OF THE
VERY OPERA HOUSE
ITSELF...

... LOOK...
NOW SEE THE
GHOSTLY MEANING
OF THE MONSTER'S
WORDS: 'I WILL
KILL
EVERYBODY!'



... THE ENTIRE
SUB-SECTION OF THE
OPERA HOUSE IS...
... FILLED...

... WITH
GUN
POWDER!



...THAT IS WHAT HE MEANT...

...IF CHRISTINE DOES NOT CONSENT TO MARRY HIM BY ELEVEN O'CLOCK HE WILL KILL EVERYBODY IN THE OPERA...
...WHAT TIME IS IT?

...NO...
...SO... IT'S NEARLY ELEVEN NOW!



! ...
...YES... CHRISTINE AND THE PHANTOM... WE HAVE MANAGED TO COME BESIDE THAT ROOM... AGAIN...

YOU... HEAR VOICES?

...NO... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... NOT THAT OTHER ROOM... THEY MUST BE BEYOND THE OPERA HOUSE ALSO...



I INSTRUCT YOU TO CHOOSE CHRISTINE...

...CHOOSE...

...CHOOSE THE CASSET WHICH CONTAINS THE SCORPION AND I WILL UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE SAID YES TO MARRYING ME...

...CHOOSE THE CASSET WITH THE GRASSHOPPER AND YOU, AND EVERYONE YOU KNOW, WILL DIE...

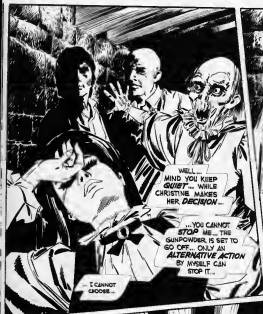


MONSTER!

SO... YOU SOMEHOW STILL LIVE... YOU... AND THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE MY SERVANT...

I AM STILL YOUR SERVANT ERIC... THO YOU MAY NOT REALIZE IT...

...I TRY NOW TO SAVE YOU FROM YOURSELF...



WELL...
MIND YOU KEEP
QUIET... WHILE
CHRISTINE MAKES
HER DECISION...

... YOU CANNOT
STOP ME... THE
GUNPOWDER IS SET TO
GO OFF... ONLY AN
ALTERNATIVE ACTION
BY MYSELF CAN
STOP IT...

I CANNOT
COOPER...



... I TURN UP THE
SCORPION...

... THEN YOU
HAVE SAVED YOURSELF
MY WIFE... AND
SAVED MANY MANY
OTHERS... I GO
NOW!... IN THE
SECONDS REMAINING
UNTIL ELEVEN...
TO PREVENT
CHAOS...



GOOD LORD...
... WHAT HAS HE
DONE?...

... HE STOPPED THE
GUNPOWDER FROM EXPLODING
BY FLOODING THE PLACE WITH
WATER... BUT... IT'S RISING
TOO FAST... IT'S RISING
INCHES EVERY SECOND...
HE'S LETTING IN THE WHOLE
LAKE... HE MEANS
TO DROWN US!!!



... NOT
CHRISTINE!!!
-- JUST...
YOU --
GENTLEMEN...



... A CONSIDERABLE TIME LATER, THE VICTIM **AWOKE** TO SEE THE VICINITE BE CHASNY LYING ON A GAT, BOUND, WHILE ERIK SPOKE WITH HIM WITH MORE SANE WORDS THAT HE HAD EVER UTTERED... IN HIS LIFE...

... WHEN YOU AND THE PERSIAN WERE DROWNING, CHRISTINE SAID TO ME THAT SHE WOULD BE MY LIVING WIFE... THAT IF I DRAINED THE LAKE, AND SAVED YOU TWO, SHE WOULD NOT **KILL HERSELF** AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY... WHICH WAS HER ALTERNATIVE... HENCE... YOU ARE ALIVE.



"BUT THERE WAS MORE... WHEN WE WERE ALONE I SPOKE WITH HER, AND TOLD HER I WAS DIVINE... AND I KISSED HER ON THE FOREHEAD, AND SHE DID NOT BALK..."

... BUT I AM NOT DEAD YET, YOU HAVE WEPT WITH ME...

... AND YOU HAVE MINGLED YOUR TEARS WITH MINE...

... TAKE THE RING WHICH I ONCE GAVE TO YOU... WHICH YOU LOST IN THE FLOOD AND I FOUND FOR YOU...

... YOUR WEDDING PRESENT CHRISTINE... YOUR WEDDING TO RAOUL... FOR I WILL DIE FOR YOUR HAPPINESS... AND YOU WILL ONLY BE HAPPY WITH HIM...



"I TOLD HER THAT SHE WOULD FIND ME DEAD WITHIN WEEKS, AND WHAT SHE SHOULD DO WITH MY BODY... AND THEN CHRISTINE... MY CHRISTINE... KISSED ME FOR THE FIRST TIME HERSELF... ON MY FOREHEAD..."



... OR GOD... .. I AM... SO TOTALLY WRETCHED...

... THREE WEEKS LATER THE NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED THIS ANNOUNCEMENT: ERIK IS DEAD.

... the letters for SCREAM #1 are pouring in like somebody opened the floodgates

... We're pleased here to print in its entirety the very first fan letter we received for SCREAM magazine #1... it's from MICKEY BARRON of Jeff David Road in Thomaston, GEORGIA...

"... Mr. Hewetson... I have just finished reading your first issue of SCREAM and found it delightfully horrible... I believe your artists are some of the best... the story I liked best was 'I, SLIME'... all the others were also great... in the future it might be nice to occasionally see stories about the horrors of the future... thank you... Mickey Barron..."

... from DAVE SIM of Kitchener, Ontario: "... I was most impressed, indeed, with the premiere issue of SCREAM magazine. This book seems to represent a kind of pinnacle in the short years editor Archaic AI has been with the Skyward company, and in the AI Hewetson - created - Horror - Mood.

"I, SLIME" was enjoyable mostly for the artwork and use of photographs. Personally I found the idea of the moving slime on the last two pages a little

Greetings — this is SCREAM #3, wherein certain DEAD THINGS grope about looking for a place to SPEAK... an' the best place to have a RAP is right here on these two pages which ars:

LUNATIC LETTERS FROM THE MACABRE

SCREAM

MAILBAG

B-movie-like, but, to each his own! Perhaps the best story in the issue was 'THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND' which reminds me very much of the Lovecraft-style writing, while the story itself (particularly the diary and discovery of a creature while stranded in the Arctic) bore a striking similarity to Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN. Guel's drawing was both impressive and appropriate for the story. 'HICKORY DICKORY DOCK' was positively superb. More, more!

Your whole issue took me back to the days of pouring over horror comics on a rainy Saturday afternoon. The stories were pleasant reading and pleasant company.

Once again, continued success with your latest magazine end, at the risk of being redundant, more, MORE!...

... a word or two from Booby-hatch BOB BURROS of Brooklyn: "... It was good to see Dr. Fredric Worthless get his lumps in issue #1 of SCREAM..."

... and some nice comments from RICHARD RANN of Oak Park, Illinois: "... After picking up the first issue of SCREAM, I knew that this magazine was going to be great and it really lived up to my expectations.

Here are a few comments on the first issue of SCREAM: The cover was really great; one of the best covers you've printed.

'I, SLIME,' was, in my opinion, a very good story... I liked the format of the third story — 'THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND,' the diary form that it was in really added to the suspense.

'HICKORY, DICKORY DOCK' was a very outstanding story. A good format, good contents, good art and a good ending. The sixth story 'THE TALE OF THE PERFECT CRIME' was pretty good. 'THE COMICS MACABRE,' was the best story I have read on a long time. I really think that this story was based on an interesting idea. The art was perfectly matched with the story. The ending was really too good for words. With stories like this your mag. is going to really be the best mag. on the stand for a long time. The final story was pretty good. 'THE STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB.'

I certainly hope you would keep up THE HEAP — in Psycho; ha is the most exciting character you have created next to the HUMAN GARGOYLES..."

... thanks to JOHN MORRIS of Wisconsin, P. BADALAMENTI of New Jersey... PETER HIGHAM of Liverpool, England... JAMES HEEGAN of New Jersey... KENNETH HALL of Texas... MARVIN JOHNSON of South Carolina... MIKE PARDO of New York... DAVID WILLIAMS of Ohio... DEBBE STOKES of Florida... LARRY DEAN of Michigan... ANN MARIE SMITH of Brooklyn... REMI YVES BRETON of Verdun, Quebec... KENNETH REDDEN of Ohio... MANUEL HERMANDEZ of Chicago... DOREEN FLANNAGAN of the Bronx... JENIE GALVA of Illinois... PHIL BARTON of Oklahoma... LOUIS TOPPI of Yonkers, New York... MATTHEW McDEVITT of Jackson Heights, New York... DAN HERR of Indiana and to JAMES ALLAN ROGERS of California



interview with
DRACULA

... we are pleased to announce an EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW with CHRISTOPHER LEE, the man who is DRACULA... since we are interviewing him at the time of this writing, the interview — feature, with rare photos, will be printed in a future issue within a few months... miss it not... it's a movie macabre MUST...



...DOMINGO ALVAREZ GOMEZ was born in Barcelona, Spain, on the 29th of June, 1942 . . . his genius for painting became evident very soon . . . on the 30th of June, 1942, Domingo was commissioned by Pope Archaius II to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome . . .

at the age of 4 he was so successful his work was appearing in 31 languages, not including his own, unfortunately, and he was in demand all the world over! At the age of 5 he contracted a rare lung disease and since that day hasn't uttered a single word! He comes into the office on pay-day and hands the SKYWALD bookkeeper a little printed card which reads: I AM A MUTE OWARF! PLEASE BUY THIS BALL-POINT-PEN AND GOD WILL BLESS YOU!

. . . All this is a LIE of course — actually DOMINGO is one of our FAVORITE PEOPLE . . . his work HAS appeared all over the world in many different languages, and we're proud to say he's a MOOO-TEAM REGULAR . . . watch for MORE art by DOMINGO coming soon . . . like: "THE THING WITH THE RED RIBBON IN ITS HAIR" and "THE LUNATIC CREATIONS OF EOGAR ALLAN POE" . . . maa 'em not . . . they're GREAT . . . and COMINGO'S GREAT . . .



... this ... is OWARFISH

DOMINGO

for filing in our BIGGER BUNCH OF QUESTIONS and adding helpful, appreciated comments which we have read and will USE . . . thankee people . . .

. . . weird rap folk . . .

R.I.P.

-ARCHAIC AL-

WHAT IS
BLACK AND WHITE
AND
EVIL
ALL OVER?



THE
VICTIMS
ARE!

**-AND THEY'RE
COMING SOON!**

... SCREAM #3 ...
my favorite story this issue is:

comment:

name: _____ age: _____

address:

city n' other:

mail to: SKYWALO BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017



LADY SATAN

...ASHES TO
ASHES...

DUST TO DUST...

WE COMMIT THE
DEAD TO THE EARTH...

...AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY
ON HER WRETCHED SOUL...



GOD...



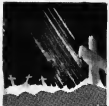
SHE WAS ONLY 23
YEARS OLD...



POOR ANNE...



SO YOUNG, AND
FULL OF LIFE...



(CHAPTER TWO)

WHAT IS EVIL and WHAT IS NOT?

...WHO IS IT EXITS THIS
YET-UNSETTLED GRAVE...



...OR THE AMUSED DEGENERATE
WITCH-QUEEN...BLACK ANNE...
LADY SATAN...

...THE MANGLED, BATTLED
CORPSE OF A YOUNG BLACK
GIRL...ANNE JACKSON



...WHAT SAY TO IT BEING **BOTH?**...THERE IS
NO NEED TO CHOOSE YOUR PREFERENCES
JUST NOW, THO' **LADY SATAN** IS THE MIND
MOST DOMINANT AT THIS OCCULT HOUR,
FOR THE FACT IS AS STATED...AS **LADY-
SATAN**, WILL EXPLAIN HERSELF...



LADY SATAN, YOU LIVE...

...VERY ASTUTE, WHELP...THO' NOT ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE IN EVERY DETAIL...



I DIED IN THAT CAVE TWO NIGHTS AGO...OR RATHER THE BODY OF ANNE DIED!

SHE WAS MURDERED BY LUCIFER IN HIS RAGE AT OUR WEDDING BEING INTERRUPTED...

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU THAT NIGHT, MISTRESS?

I LOST CONTROL...THE DORMANT MIND OF ANNE JACKSON WAS SO AGITATED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF HER FRIEND, AND I WAS SO STARTLED, THAT SHE REGAINED CONTROL OF HERSELF AND MY WILL WAS SUBLIMATED...

IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN...

...THIS BODY IS GRANTED A STAY OF LIFE BY MY HUSBAND, LUCIFER, WHO GRANTS ME THIS BODY, IT'S SO SUITED TO MY NEEDS...

BUT HOW IS IT HER BODY LIVES AGAIN?

ANNE LIVES ALSO...THO' ONLY WHEN I WILL IT...IF I CHOOSE TO LEAVE HER BODY SHE WILL DIE...



...AS I WILL CONTINUE TO LIVE AS AN ENERGY ONCE AGAIN...THUS SHE LIVES AT MY WHIM...

...AND LADY SATAN SHALL CONTINUE HER ACTIVITIES AT WILL...



...HOW IS IT THAT **TWO** CAN EXIST WITHIN **ONE** IS NOT **UNUSUAL**... FOR IT IS THE VERY **DEFINITION** OF **SCHIZOPHRENIA**... AND THE **PREMISE** FOR MANY A **MACABRE-DUO**-- SUCH AS STEVENSON'S FAMOUS **JEKYLL** AND **HYDE**, SEIGEL'S **SUPERMAN**, OR GOETHE'S **FAUST**...



...BUT HOW IS IT THAT **TWO** CAN LIVE WITHIN **ONE** WHO IS **DEAD** IS NOT SO **RATIONAL**...

...AND HOW IS IT THAT ONE WHO LIVED **CENTURIES** **AGO** CAN **DICTATE** THE "LIFE" OF ONE IN **1973** DEFINES THE **PHENOMENA** AS **SUPERNATIONAL**...

...THAT IS **OUR** ONLY **EXPLANATION**... **ANNE'S**, TO HER **ASTONISHED** FRIEND **BERENICE** WHEN THEY ARE **RELINQUISHED**, IS **LESS-ELABORATE** AND **MORE TEARFUL**... FOR **ANNE** KNOWS **NOT** WHY SHE IS **OUT** OF HER **GRAVE** AND HAS ONLY **SUSPICIONS** ABOUT THE **DEAD-THING** WHO **DWELLS** WITHIN **HER**...



THERE'S NO RECORD OF HER **BIRTH**... BUT A **FULL** AND **DETAILED** ACCOUNT OF HER **ACTIVITIES** AND HER **DEATH** ARE RECORDED...

...BUT BY **LOOKING** INTO **HISTORY** BOOKS SHE HOPES TO **FIND** OUT BY **FINDING** OUT ABOUT THE **BLACK WITCH-QUEEN** OF **SALEM**...



LISTEN TO
WHAT IT SAYS HERE...
"THE BLACK WITCH-
QUEEN WAS A FILTHY
OLD HAG...HER BODY WAS
WRETCHED AND DISEASED...
SHE LIVED IN THE MOUNTAINS
APART FROM THE VILLAGERS
OF SALEM AND WAS
DESPISED AND FEARED
BY EVERYONE WHO
HAD EVER KNOWN
OR MET HER..."

"SHE HAD AN OVERWHELMING PERSONAL POWER OVER
PERSONS INTERESTED IN **SATANISM** AND **WITCHCRAFT**,
AND HAD A **HUGE FOLLOWING** OF DEVOTED ADMIRERS,
MOSTLY YOUNG GIRLS, WHO ATTENDED
HER EVERY WHIM AND WERE
HER DISCIPLES..."



"...DURING THE WITCH TRIALS SHE AND
HER FOLLOWERS STAYED IN THE HILLS AND
WERE NOT INVOLVED, BUT WHEN THE
HYSTERIA ENDED SHE RESUMED HER
'ACTIVITIES' AND HER GROUP BECAME
NOTORIOUS...THIS GAVE CONTINUED
CREDENCE TO THE LINGERING
BELIEF IN WITCHES..."



"...WHAT EXACTLY
HER ACTIVITIES
WERE IS NOT KNOWN,
BUT CAN EASILY BE
PRESUMED, FOR ANIMALS WERE
FOUND MISSING ALMOST DAILY FROM
FARMS, AND IT WAS OBVIOUS FROM
THEIR BURNED CARCASSES THAT SHE
GAVE THEM UP AS BURNT OFFERINGS
TO HER MASTER..."

"...YES, BUT
LISTEN TO **THIS**...
IT TELLS OF HER
DEATH..."

"...HOW
AWFUL..."



...SHE WAS MORE THAN AN ORDINARY WITCH, IT WAS LATER REALIZED, WHEN BODIES WERE FOUND...

...BODIES?...

...THE BODIES OF YOUNG GIRLS WERE FOUND IN THE HILLS, BRUISED AND BATTERED, ALL WITH PECULIAR PIN-HOLES IN THEIR NECKS, WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE BELIEF THAT OLD ANNE WAS ALSO A VAMPIRE...

...WHEN THE GIRLS WHO HAD NEVER SHOWN ANY INTEREST IN THE CULT OR IN ANY DEMONOLOGY BEGAN TO VANISH, AND WHEN THEIR BODIES WERE FOUND BOTH BURNED AND DRAINED OF BLOOD, THE CITIZENS BANDED TOGETHER TO HUNT OUT THE WITCH-QUEEN AND HER FOLLOWERS...

"WHEN THEY CAPTURED HER, THEY BURNED HER AT THE STAKE... AND HER CURSE UPON THEM WAS THE MOST VILE AND CONTEMPTUOUS CURSE EVER UTTERED..."

I CURSE THEE
AND THY NAMES...
THEY SHALL ALL
DIE BEFORE THY
LIVES ARE FULFILLED...
AND THY DESCENDANTS
SHALL NEVER KNOW
PEACE, FOR AT SOME
TIME I SHALL RETURN
UNTO THEM ALL...AND
KILL EVERY LIVING
DESCENDANT
OF THEE..



...AS SHE WENT UP IN FLAMES
THE VILLAGERS SWORE THEY
SAW HER SPIRIT DEPART
FROM HER BODY AND
LAUGH AT THEM
MOCKINGLY...

...WHAT A
FILTHY AND
EVIL PERSON
SHE WAS...

...WHAT
DO YOU THINK,
ANNE?

...WHAT IS
EVIL AND
WHAT
IS NOT?...

ANNE...
YOUR
VOICE...
ANNE...
ANNE...

WHAT
IS IT THAT
BOTHERS
YOU, CHILD?...
THOSE
FABLES
IN THAT
WRETCHED
BOOK?

...FOR IF
THOSE FABLES
BOTHER YOU DO
NOT LET THEM
FOR THEY ARE
FALSE...

...SKIMPY...
INADEQUATE...

...FABLES
TOLD BY
UNFAMILIARS...

ANNE...

**NO.
ANNE!**

...IT'S BEEN...

...SUCH...
A LONG
TIME...



...THIS IS LADY SATAN...A MIGHTY
AND EVIL MIND WITHIN AN INNOCENT'S
DEAD-BODY...ABLE TO KILL
AT A WHIM...



A FILTHY VAMPIRESS
AND MONSTER...BRIDE
OF SATAN...WITHOUT
MORALS OR CONSCIENCE...
AND NOW, MOMENTARILY
SATIATED, ABLE TO
VANISH INTO ENERGY
AND LEAVE THE
INNOCENT ANNE TO
FACE THE BRUTAL
FACT THAT SHE
MURDERED HER
BEST FRIEND...



...OR...*DID SHE?*...

BERENICE...
I...I...

LADY SATAN
DID NOT KILL ME,
ANNE...

...*VAMPIRES*
DON'T KILL...

...*OH,*
MY GOD...

...*THEY MERELY*
MAIM IN THE MOST
DISGUSTING
WAY!

AAHHH...
...*UGH!* YOU
HAVE *NO BLOOD...*
ONLY *ROTTED, DRIED*
MUCUS IN
YOUR *VEINS...*

...*BERENICE NEEDED HER FRIEND*
IN TWO WAYS... ANNE SUBLI-
MATED COULD NOT HELP HER,
AND ANNE, DEAD, COULD NOT
SATIATE HER NEW NEED FOR
BLOOD...

...*THUS LADY SATAN HAS WON A CRUEL MOMENT OF VICTORY IN DEPRIVING ANNE OF HER SOLE FRIEND AND CONFIDENT... LEAVING HER HORRIBLY ALONE IN HER WAR AGAINST THE ONE WITHIN HER WHO LAUGHS IN HER SLEEP AT THIS BITTER IRONY... FOR LADY SATAN KNOWS WHAT HELL COMES NEXT AS:*

**SATAN
WANTS A CHILD!**

..DURING THE WHOLE OF A DULL,
DARK AND SOUNDLESS DAY IN
THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR, I RODE
ALONE, ON HORSEBACK, TILL AT
LENGTH I FOUND MYSELF WITHIN
VIEW OF THE MELANCHOLY HOUSE
OF USHER..



..I LOOKED UPON THE SCENE BEFORE ME—UPON THE
BLEAK WALLS—UPON THE VACANT EYE—LIKE
WINDOWS—UPON A FEW RANK SEDGES—AND UPON
A FEW WHITE TRUNKS OF DECAYED TREES— WITH
AND UTTER DEPRESSION OF SOUL WHICH I CAN
COMPARE TO NO EARTHLY SENSATION.. THERE
WAS AN ICINESS, A SINKING A SICKENING OF
THE HEART.. THIS PERVERSIVE, FILTHY DOMAIN
HARKENED TO ME, AND THO I KNEW NOT WHY, I
WAS CALLED INTO THIS PRESENCE BY ITS MASTER,
RODERICK USHER.. CALLED TO THIS
MANSION OF GLOOM.. ORDERED HERE THO
EVERY INSTINCT ORDERED ME TO TURN AND
FLEE ITS CHASTLY VISAGE.. BUT GOD HELP ME..



the fall of the house of usher

"THE OWNER OF THIS MANSE HAD BEEN ONE OF MY BOON COMPANIONS IN BOYHOOD... BUT MANY YEARS HAD ELAPSED SINCE OUR LAST MEETING... A LETTER, WILDLY IMPORTUNATE IN NATURE, HAD RECENTLY REACHED ME REQUESTING I PERSONALLY VISIT HIM..

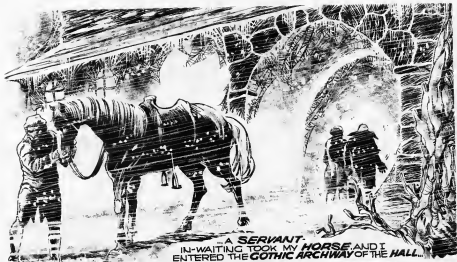


"THE MS GAVE EVIDENCE OF NERVOUS AGITATION... THE WRITER SPOKE OF ACUTE BODILY ILLNESS - OF A MENTAL DISORDER WHICH OPPRESSED HIM - AND OF AN EARNEST DESIRE TO SEE ME, HOPING I WOULD ALLEVIATE HIS MALADY..

"NOW, AS I CAME CLOSE TO HIS ANCESTRAL ABODE, I CAME TO THINK THAT SOMEHOW THIS HOUSE ITSELF IN ITS FILTH AND HELLISH ATMOSPHERE, HAD ALMOST EVERYTHING TO DO WITH MY OLD FRIEND'S STATE OF GREAT DEPRESSION..



FOR THE DECAYED TREES REEKED! MINUTE FUNGI OVERSPREAD THE WHOLE EXTERIOR HANGING IN A FINE TANGLED WEB - WORK FROM THE EAVES... INDIVIDUAL STONES WERE CRUMBLING... OLD WOOD - WORK WAS ROTTING... A BARELY DISCERNIBLE FISSURE EXTENDED FROM THE ROOF TO THE GROUND DOWN THE WALL IN A HORRIBLE ZIGZAG... IT WAS A PLACE CONDEMNED BY HELL - UNFIT FOR HABITATION BY MAN OR MONSTER... AND IT WAS TO THIS PLACE I CAME NOT KNOWING WHY; NOT KNOWING WHAT WITHIN CAUSED ITS MASTER TO TURN MAD..



...A **SERVANT**
IN-WAITING TOOK MY **HORSE**, AND I
ENTERED THE **GOthic ARCHWAY** OF THE **HALL**...

...A **VALET** OF STEALTHY STEP
THENCE **CONDUCTED** ME IN
SILENCE, THROUGH **MAJNY DARK**
AND **INTRICATE PASSAGES**
IN MY **PROGRESS** TO THE
STUDIO OF HIS
MASTER...



...ON ONE OF
THE
STAIRCASES
I MET THE
PHYSICIAN
OF THE
FAMILY, HIS
FACE
CUNNING
AND
PERPLEXED
HE **ACCOSTED**
ME WITH
TREPIDATION.

YES...OF
COURSE, HE
IS THE **MASTER**
OF THIS **HOUSE**
IS HE NOT?

...AND MY
FRIEND...

...GOOD
DAY
SIR...

...YOU GO
TO SEE
RODERICK
USHER?

... YOU ARE **CRUEL**
TO THE MAN YOU
ATTEND DOCTOR...

... NOT HALF SO
CRUEL AS HE
IS TO **HIMSELF**...

FRIEND? ...YOU ARE HIS
FRIEND? HOW CAN SUCH
A **FEROCEOUS MANIC-**
DEPRESSIVE AS **USHER**
HAVE A **FRIEND?**...



... IF YOUR
FRIENDSHIP
MEANS
ANYTHING
THEN I
EMPLORE
YOU...

... **GET**
RODERICK
USHER AWAY
FROM THIS
WRETCHED
HOUSE!





HE PASSED ON AFTER THIS... THE VALET NOW THREW OPEN THE DOOR AND USHERED ME INTO THE PRESENCE OF HIS MASTER.

...IT... DISPLAYS ITSELF IN A HOST OF UNNATURAL SENSATIONS...

...A MORIBID ACUTENESS OF THE SENSES...

MY DEAR DEAR FRIEND... WELCOME...

RODERICK... DEAR GOD WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

... ONLY THE MOST INSIPID FOOD I FIND PALATABLE...

... I CAN WEAR GARMENTS OF ONLY CERTAIN REFINED TEXTURE...

... THE SMELL OF ALL FLOWERS MAKES ME VOMIT...

... MY EYES ARE TORTURED BY NATURAL LIGHT...

... MOST MUSIC IS ABOMINABLE TO MY EARS...

... I AM WRETCHED MY FRIEND... OH! QUITE WRETCHED...

MY MALADY, MY FRIEND, IS A CONSTITUTIONAL AND FAMILY EVIL... I AM DESPAIRED TO FIND A REMEDY...





"I SHALL PERISH..."

"YOU ARE **SLAVE**... BOUNDEN TO YOUR **MIND**, NOT THE **REAL EARTH** AROUND YOU..."

"I **MUST** PERISH IN THIS **DEPLORABLE FOLLY**..."

"...THUS, THUS, AND NOT OTHERWISE, SHALL I BE LOST... I DREAD THE EVENTS OF THE **FUTURE**, NOT IN THEMSELVES, BUT IN THEIR **RESULTS**..."



"MY **DEAR FRIEND**... WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO **DETERIORATE** YOUR **MIND** SO?"

I LEARNED, MOREOVER, THROUGH **BROKEN** AND **EQUIVOCAL** HINTS, ANOTHER

SINGULAR FEATURE OF HIS **MENTAL** CONDITION... HE WAS ENHANCED BY CERTAIN **SUPERSTITIOUS** IMPRESSIONS IN REGARD TO THE **HOUSE**, FROM WHICH HE HAD NOT VENTURED FOR **SEVERAL YEARS**..."



"I... DO NOT... **ADMIT**... TO KNOWING..."

"I FEEL THAT THE **PERIOD** WILL SOONER OR LATER ARRIVE WHEN I MUST ABANDON **LIFE** AND **REASON** TOGETHER, IN SOME **STRUGGLE** WITH THE **GRIM PHANTASM**..."

"...**FEAR**..."

"HE ADMITTED, HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH WITH **HESSITATION**, THAT MUCH OF THE **PECULIAR GLOOM** WHICH THUS AFFLICTED HIM COULD BE TRACED TO THE **SEVERE** AND **LONG-CONTRIVED ILLNESS** OF HIS **TENDERLY BELOVED SISTER**..."



"HER **DEATH**, WHICH IS **IMMINENT**, WILL LEAVE ME THE **LAST** OF THE **ANCIENT RACE** OF THE **USHERS**..."



... WHILE WE TALKED, THE LADY **MADLINE** (FOR SO SHE WAS CALLED) PASSED SLOWLY THROUGH A REMOTE PORTION OF THE ROOM, AND WITHOUT HAVING NOTICED MY PRESENCE DISAPPEARED...



... THE DISEASE OF LADY **MADLINE** HAD LONG BAFLED THE SKILL OF HER PHYSICIANS... A SETTLED APATHY, A GRADUAL WASTING AWAY OF THE PERSON, AND FREQUENT CATALEPTIC ATTACKS...



... FOR SEVERAL DAYS ENSUING, HER NAME WAS UNMENTIONED BY EITHER **USHER** OR MYSELF, AND DURING THIS PERIOD I WAS BUSIED IN EARNEST ENDEAVOURS TO ALLEVIATE THE MELANCHOLY OF MY FRIEND... WE PAINTED AND READ TOGETHER, OR I LISTENED TO HIS WILD IMPROVISATIONS ON HIS 6 SPEAKING GUITAR...



"HIS LONG IMPROVISED DIRGES WILL RING FOREVER IN MY EARS... THE WORDS OF ONE OF THESE RHAPSODIES I HAVE EASILY REMEMBERED, FOR USHER DELIVERED THEM WITH SUCH MORBID AND FANTASTIC CHARACTER THAT I WAS CONVINCED HE WAS TOTALLY MAD... THE VERSES HE ENTITLED **THE HAUNTED PALACE**, AND THEIR LUDICROUS IMPLICATIONS OF WHAT WAS HIS STATE OF MIND ASTONISHED ME...

"EVIL THINGS... IN ROBES OF SORROW...
ASSAILED THE MONARCH'S HIGH ESTATE...
AH, LET US MOURN, FOR NEVER MORROW,
SHALL DAWN UPON HIM, DESOLATE!"

"IT IS BUT A DIM-REMEMBERED STORY
OF THE OLDTIME ENTOMBED... AND TRAVELLERS
NOW WITHIN THAT VALLEY, SEE WAST FORMS THAT
MOVE FANTASTICALLY TO A DISCORDANT MELODY..."

"OH
GOD...
GOD..."

"WHILE... LIKE A RAPID GHASTLY RIVER,
THROUGH THE PALE DOOR, A HIDEOUS THROG
RUSH OUT FOREVER, AND LAUGH - BUT SMILE
NO MORE..."

"HOW CAN YOU SING
SOMETHING SO WRETCHED
AND DEPRAVED
RODERICK..."

"IT IS THIS
HOUSE WHICH
MAKES ME SING
SO SAD A
LAMENT..."

"THERE WAS **NOW NO-DOUBT... USHER
WAS MAD...**"

"OH GOD
HELP ME...
HELP ME..."

"IT IS THIS
HOUSE THAT
SO
TORTURES
ME..."

"IT IS THIS
**DAMNED
HOUSE...**"

... ONE EVENING, THE HYPOCHONDRIAC INFORMED ME ABRUPTLY THAT **LADY MADELINE** WAS DEAD



... I WANT YOU TO HELP ME NOW, MY FRIEND... IN THE INTERMENT OF MY BELOVED SISTER... I WISH TO PRESERVE HER CORPSE A FORTNIGHT BEFORE SHE IS ENTOMBED...

... I WILL NOT TELL YOU... GAVE TO SUGGEST IT IS A TRADITION OF MY FAMILY WHICH **CANNOT**... OH GOD... **CANNOT BE VIOLATED**...



... THE VAULT IN WHICH WE PLACED IT WAS SMALL, DAMP, AND ENTIRELY WITHOUT MEANS OF ADMISSION FOR LIGHT; LYING AT GREAT DEPTH (COINCIDENTALLY) DIRECTLY BELOW MY OWN SLEEPING APARTMENT...



YOU WISH **WHAT?** **WHAT?**

SHE WILL BE THEN PLACED IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS VAULTS IN THIS BUILDING...



RODERICK... RODERICK... ANSWER ME... WHY DO YOU WISH TO WAIT SO LONG?

... AT THE INSISTENCE OF USHER, I AIDED HIM IN THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE TEMPORARY ENTOMBMENT... THE BODY HAVING BEEN ENCOFFINED, WE TWO ALONE BORE IT TO ITS REST...



UPON RETIRING TO BED ON THE NIGHT OF THE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH DAY FOLLOWING THE LADY MADELINE'S DEATH, I DISTINCTLY HEARD A CERTAIN LOW AND INDEFINITE SOUNDS COME FROM BELOW...



I DRESSED AND MADE TO EXIT MY ROOM, WHEN I WAS CONFRONTED BY USHER IN THE DOORWAY... HE WAS ATTEMPTING TO RESTRAIN **HYSTERIA**...



"WHAT IS IT?" "WHAT ARE THOSE SOUNDS?"

"YOU HAVE NOT SEEN IT!"

THIS SPEAKING, HE HURRIED TO A WINDOW AND THRUST IT COMPLETELY OPEN TO THE STORM WITHOUT...



"IT?"

YOU HAVE NOT THEN SEEN IT... STAY - YOU **SHALL!**



THE IMPETUOUS FURY OF THE ENTERING GUST NEARLY LIFTED US FROM OUR FEET... BUT HIS AGITATION WAS SO UTTERLY AND UNNATURALLY COMPOUNDED BY THE FREAK LIGHTNING THAT I THOUGHT HE WAS LOSING ALL HOLD ON HIS SANITY...



YOU MUST NOT- YOU, SHALL NOT BEHOLD THIS! THESE ARE MERELY ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA WHICH IN THEIR GHASTLY ORIGIN STARTLE YOU...

"...NOTHING MORE..."



"I COULD NO LONGER READ, HIS RAVINGS WERE BEYOND CONTROL..."

"I HAVE HEARD IT!... LONG-LONG-LONG-MANY MINUTES, MANY HOURS, MANY DAYS HAVE I HEARD IT-YET I DARED NOT-OH, PITY ME, MISERABLE WRETCH THAT I AM!..."

"I DARED NOT- I DARED NOT SPEAK!"



"...HERE HE SPRANG FURIOUSLY TO HIS FEET, AND SHRIEKED OUT HIS SYLLABLES, AS IF IN THE EFFORT HE WERE GIVING UP HIS SOUL:"



MADMAN! MADMAN! I TELL YOU THAT SHE NOW STANDS WITHOUT THE DOOR!...

"HE REFUSED TO LET ME SHUT OUT THE STORM... BUT LET ME READ TO HIM TO ATTEMPT TO CALM HIM... I READ FROM THE ANTIQUE VOLUME OF SIR LANCELOT CANNING... THE 'MAD TRIST'..."

WHO ENTERETH HEREIN, A CONQUEROR HATH BIN; WHO SLAYETH THE DRAGON, THE SHIELD HE SHALL WIN!...



YOU DO NOT HEAR IT... DO YOU?

"...AND NOW TONIGHT... THE DEATH-CRY OF THE DRAGON, THE CLANGOUR OF THE SHIELD-SAY, RATHER... THE RENDING OF HER COFFIN, AND THE GRATING OF THE IRON HINGES OF HER PRISON, SHE STRUGGLES WITHIN THE COPPERED ARCHWAY OF THE VAULT... OH DO I NOT DISTINGUISH THAT HEAVY AND HORRIBLE BEATING OF HER HEART?..."



...THE **STORM**, AS IF TO PROVE HIS WORDS, **RUSHED** AGAINST THE **DOOR** AND **RIPPED IT APART**. **BEHIND IT** DID STAND THE **LOFTY** AND **ENSHROUDED** **FIGURE** OF THE

LADY MADELINE OF USHER...

...THERE WAS **BLOOD** UPON HER **WHITE ROBES**, AND EVIDENCE OF SOME **BITTER STRUGGLE** UPON EVERY **PORTION** OF HER **EMACIATED FRAME**...



...FOR A MOMENT SHE **REMAINED TREMBLING** AND **REELING** TO AND

FRQ UPON THE **THRESHOLD**, THEN, WITH A **LOW MOANING CRY**, **FELL HEAVILY INWARD** UPON THE PERSON ON HER **BROTHER**, AND IN HER **VIOLENT** AND NOW FINAL **DEATH AGONIES**, **BORE** HIM TO THE **FLOOR** CC **A VICTIM** TO THE **VERY TERRORS** HE HAD **ANTICIPATED**...



...FROM THAT CHAMBER, AND
FROM THAT MANSION, I FLED
AGHAST...

...SUDDENLY THERE SHOT ALONG THE PATH A
LIGHT, AND I TURNED TO SEE WHENCE A GLEAM
SO **UNUSUAL** COULD HAVE **ISSUED**; FOR THE
VAST **HOUSE** AND ITS **SHADOWS** WERE ALONE

BEHIND ME...THE RADIANCE WAS THAT OF THE
FULL, SETTING, AND **BLOOD-RED MOON** WHICH
NOW SHONE VIVIDLY THROUGH THAT ONCE BARELY-
DISCERNIBLE FISSURE OF WHICH I HAVE BEFORE
SPOKEN AS EXTENDING FROM THE **ROOF** OF
THE BUILDING, IN A ZIGZAG DIRECTION, TO THE
BASE...WHILE I **GAZED**, THIS FISSURE RAPIDLY
WIDENED - THERE CAME A FIERCE BREATH OF
THE **WHIRLWIND** - THERE WAS ALONG
THE **TUMULTUOUS SHOUTING** SOUND LIKE THE
VOICE OF A **THOUSAND WATERS**...

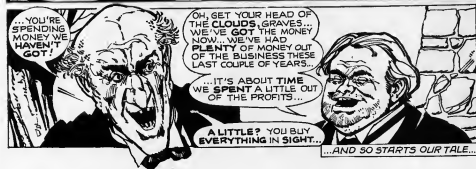


...AND THE DEEP AND DARK
TARN AT MY FEET CLOSED
SUDDENLY AND SILENTLY
OVER THE FRAGMENTS OF
THE HOUSE OF USHER...

...THIS NEW HEARSE THAT NOW PULLS UP THE DRIVEWAY OF THIS CREAKING, OLD MORTUARY IS ABOUT TO CAUSE AN ARGUMENT...A CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO MEN WHO'VE BEEN PARTNERS IN THE FUNERAL BUSINESS FOR NEARLY 47 YEARS... BETWEEN TWO MEN WHO ARE NEARLY IN THEIR OWN CRYPTS OR GRAVES AFTER 47 YEARS OF SERVING THE TOWNSHIP OF NORTH BAY BY BURYING ITS DEAD... THIS IS AN ODD STORY AT BEST... BIZARRE AT WORST... FOR IT IS THE TALE OF TWO MEN ABOUT TO KILL EACH OTHER...

Messrs. CRYPTS and GRAVES: UNDERTAKERS

WRITTEN BY JOE DENTON
ILLUSTRATED BY BOBA



OH, DON'T EXAGGERATE SO MUCH, ED... YOU GO TO SUCH AN EXTREME...

DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW WE WORKED TO GET WHERE WE ARE TODAY? DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE AWFUL THINGS WE HAD TO DO JUST TO KEEP THE BUSINESS OUT OF THE RED...



"... YOU KNOW HOW WE HAD TO SCRIMP AND CHEAT ON EVERYTHING... THOSE COFFINS WE USED TO SELL AS HIGH-PRICED WALNUT AND OAK WERE NOTHING BUT CHEAP, WOOD-STAINED PINE BOXES..."



"... AND THE WAY WE'D FIX UP THE BODIES... SAVE A FEW CENTS ON EMBALMING FLUID. WE'D JUST PUT THE CORPSES IN THEIR GRAVE WITHOUT ANY PREPARATIONS AT ALL EVEN THOUGH WE WERE PAID FOR IT..."

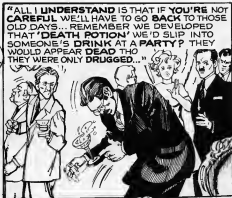
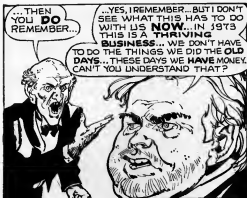


"... AND WE'D ROB THE BODY OF RINGS AND GOLD TEETH AND ANYTHING THAT WAS WORTH ANYTHING... AFTER THE FUNERAL SERVICE WE'D EVEN TAKE THE CLOTHES OFF TO SELL..."



"... YES... I REMEMBER THAT TOO, GRAVES... I EVEN REMEMBER WHAT TROUBLE WE'D GO TO WITH A BODY TO BE CREMATED... WHILE THE BELOVED THOUGHT THEIR BELOVED WAS BEING BURNED, I'D BE INSIDE THE CREMATORIUM TAKING THE COFFIN AND THE CLOTHES AND JEWELLERY OUT THE HIDDEN EXIT... ALL WE'D BURN WAS THE NAKED CORPSE..."





"... THE FAMILY WOULD MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR A **FUNERAL** AND PAY FOR OUR **SERVICES**... WE'D '**DISCOVER**' HE HAS ONLY IN A STATE OF **COMA**, AND THE FAMILY WOULD BE SO **ELATED** AT THE **RECOVERY** THAT THEY'D NEVER EVEN **ASK** FOR THEIR MONEY **BACK**..."





NOW... THIS'LL KEEP THOSE RATS FROM COMING OUT AT NIGHT AND CHEWING THE BODIES...

...FILTHY THINGS... RAT POISON IS TOO GOOD FOR THEM... THEY SHOULD ALL BE TORTURED TO DEATH...



NOW... I CAN PREPARE ANOTHER BEAKER TO KILL OFF CRYPTS...

...AT OUR 'PARTY' TONIGHT... THE NAIVE FOOL WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM...



CARE FOR A DRINK TO CELEBRATE OUR SUCCESS?

...MY SUCCESS AND YOUR DEATH...

SURE, ED...



...HE THINKS HE'S KILLING ME... HAH, HAH... WHEN THE DRUG I SUBSTITUTED WEARS OFF HE'LL HAVE A HEART ATTACK...

OH, MY GOD...

...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?... WHAT DID YOU DO?...

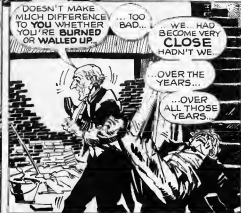
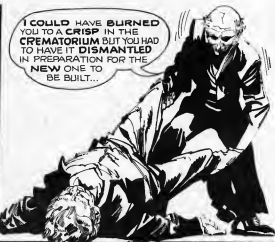
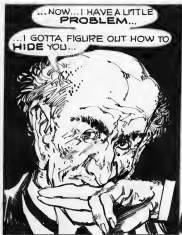
...VERY FAST-ACTING THAT STUFF...

WHAT... DID... YOU... DO?

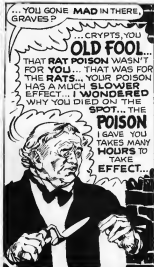


...I JUST KILLED YOU IS WHAT I DID OLD PARTNER...









HORROR PREVIEW CONTEST

... can you fill in the missing VOICE BALLOONS? The best 5 entries we receive will WIN an advance copy of the next issue ... get your entry in FAST and you can become a WINNER ...



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order more than one of each to keep your complete collection housed in these beautiful, protective library cases... an absolute MUST for the library of any genuine, true-blue, die-hard comics collector... INEXPENSIVE... WILL LAST A LIFETIME OF USE...

NOSFERATU

WAS

the name originally used by film-maker F. W. Murnau, in the 1922 silent film based on Bram Stoker's DRACULA novel . . . our TALES OF NOSFERATU series in every SCREAM has nothing to do with the original NOSFERATU — COUNT ORLOK — character (but then again, NOSFERATU will tell his OWN tale in chapter TWELVE of the series, so WHO KNOWS what his ORIGIN will be?) . . . in the next issue of PSYCHO (#16 — on sale next month); film buff EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY will present a SPECIAL PHOTO/MOVIE/REVIEW of NOSFERATU . . . miss it not . . . it's WEIRD . . .



" . . . this UNDEAD menace does not kill his victims by one mere pair of fang punctures . . . No . . . like some grotesque LEECH in HUMAN FORM, he saps the life-blood of his prey over a long period of time . . ."

. . . from ED FEDORY'S review of NOSFERATU . . .

...THIS... IS NOSFERATU...
 ...THESE MASKED 'MEN' WHO FLANK HIM AT THIS 'DEGENERATE' 'SUPPER' ARE
 GUESTS COME TO TELL THEIR TALES... COME, ONE BY ONE, FROM ALL PARTS
 OF THE WORLD TO SPEAK OF THEIR MISERABLE LIVES AND LOVES... 2 HAVE
 ALREADY SPOKEN... ONE WHO ONCE-UPON-A-TIME WAS DRACULA... AND
 ANOTHER, WHO UNTIL LATE WAS A MASTER OF THE VOODOO... HIS NAME
 WAS SINNER CANE... AND HIS NAME MEANS EVIL...

...NOW IT IS TIME FOR ANOTHER
 TO SPEAK... MYSTERIOUSLY MASKED
 IN A FROG'S HEAD... HIS VOICE IS
 DEEP-THROATED AND GUTTERAL
 AND OCCASIONALLY HE PAUSES TO
 CHOKE...

...HIS NAME, OF NO
 CONSEQUENCE TO THIS TALE, IS
 CHARLES FREEMAN... AND HE
 IS... AN AMERICAN...
 ...THIS IS HIS TALE...
 ...BUT THEN AGAIN, IT IS ALSO:

The Tale of Another NOSFERATU... CHAPTER 3

WRITTEN BY ALAN REYNOLDS
 ILLUSTRATED BY ZSASA



...YES... WHY?

...YOU'VE BROUGHT
 US HERE TO THIS
 WRETCHED PLACE
 MADE US WEAR THESE
 MASKS...

...AND YOU'VE
 GIVEN US NO REASON
 ... WE ALL DEMAND
 TO KNOW WHY
 WE ARE HERE AND WHY
 WE ARE ... 'CONFESSING'
 ...OUR LIFE STORIES
 TO YOU...

WHY?

WHY??





YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE ...

...I ORDERED YOUR PRESENCE...

...YOU SPEAK YOUR TALES BECAUSE ...

...I ORDER YOU TO SPEAK...



THOSE ARE THE REASONS...

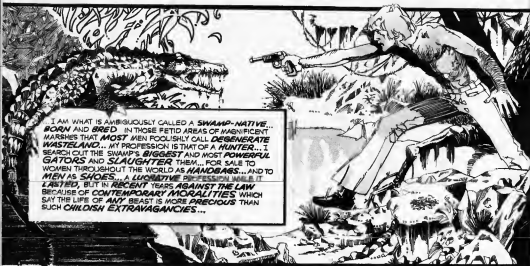
...THE ONLY REASONS YOU'LL GET... UNTIL I JUDGE THAT FURTHER EXPLANATIONS ARE IN ORDER...

...BUT FOR NOW CHARLES FREEMAN... IT IS MERELY ENOUGH THAT WHEN I ORDER YOU TO SPEAK YOU DO...

THEN...
...I WILL SPEAK...



...THE SWAMPS THAT INFEST CERTAIN AREAS ON THIS EARTH ARE NUMEROUS... BUT NO SWAMP IS AS FAMOUS AS THE MIGHTY AMERICAN EVERGLADES... MY HOME...



I AM WHAT IS AMBIGUOUSLY CALLED A SWAMP-NATIVE... BORN AND BRED IN THOSE FETID AREAS OF MAGNIFICENT MARSHES THAT MOST MEN FOOLISHLY CALL DEGENERATE WASTELAND... MY PROFESSION IS THAT OF A HUNTER... I SEARCH OUT THE SWAMP'S BIGGEST AND MOST POWERFUL GATORS AND SLAUGHTER THEM... FOR SALE TO WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS HANDBAGS... AND TO MEN AS SHOES... A LUCRATIVE PROFESSION WHILE IT LASTED, BUT IN RECENT YEARS AGAINST THE LAW BECAUSE OF CONTEMPORARY MORALITIES WHICH SAY THE LIFE OF ANY BEAST IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN SUCH CHILDISH EXTRAVAGANCIAS...



...AND SO, MY LEGITIMATE INCOME AT AN END, I WAS FORCED TO RENT MYSELF OUT AS A GUIDE TO 'SPORTSMEN' WHO CHOSE TO IGNORE THE LAW AND SEEK GAME IN THOSE SWAMPLANDS...

...IN THAT CAPACITY, IT WAS MY MIS-FORTUNE... TO MEET A MAN CALLED NICHOLAS DICKENS...

...BECAUSE WHAT I HAVE TO SAY HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE OTHERS...

...THE OTHERS WHOM I HARDLY KNOW...

...FREEMAN...

...LATER TONIGHT I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU... ALONE...

...WHY?...

...HARDLY KNOW?... BUT... I THOUGHT YOU WERE ALL FRIENDS...

...NOT UNTIL A FEW DAYS AGO...

...HOW DID YOUR... YOUR FACE GET TO BE THE WAY IT IS...

AN ACCIDENT, WHILE ON A SAFARI IN AFRICA A FEW YEARS AGO I WAS MAULED BY A RHINO...

YOU SEE FREEMAN... I'D HEARD ABOUT YOUR REPUTATION...

...ONE WHICH IS, SHALL I SAY 'CONDUCTIVE' TO MY NEEDS AND WANTS...

... BUT I DIDN'T KNOW IF YOU COULD BE TRUSTED... I CONTRIVED TO COME ALONG ON THIS HUNT, ONE I ADMIT THAT I FIND POINTLESS AND IMMORAL, TO SEE IF YOU WERE IN FACT THE MAN FOR THE JOB...

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I WANTED YOU TO GET ME A TRUNK HIDDEN UNDER THE SWAMP-MUD HEREAABOUTS...

... A TRUNK?... WHAT COULD BE SO IMPORTANT ABOUT A TRUNK?...

... INSIDE THAT TRUNK...

... IS 2 MILLION DOLLARS!

... IF YOU ARE SO CONCERNED WITH WHAT IS MORAL AND WHAT IS NOT, THEN WHY SEEK OUT ME TO DO THIS... 'JOB' FOR YOU...

... IT DOESN'T MATTER... ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE JOB FREEMAN...





...OH SURE...
...IN A PIRATE'S TRUNK I SUPPOSE...

...IT... WOULD BE TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO TAKE ME SERIOUSLY CHARLES FREEMAN...

...BECAUSE A SHARE OF THAT GOLD IS YOURS IF YOU GET IT UP AND OUT OF THERE FOR ME... YOUR SHARE WOULD BE 10%...

...DO YOU KNOW WHAT 10% OF 2 MILLION DOLLARS IS?...



DOES \$200,000 FOR TAKING A TRUNK OUT OF A SWAMP SEEM LIKE A FAIR PRICE TO YOU?

...YES...

...IT'S MY GRANDFATHER'S... HE STOLE IT DURING THE GREAT CIVIL WAR FROM THE UNION ARMY...

...HE WAS A REB MAJOR...HE LED HIS MEN AGAINST A PAY-MASTER'S TRAIN HEADED FOR FORT LUKE... THE MONEY WAS ABOUT 5 MONTHS BACK-PAY FOR HALF THE UNION ARMY WHO'D BEEN FIGHTING IN THE SOUTH...

...THAT'S A HELLUVA RAID... HOWCUM I NEVER HEARD ABOUT IT?

...IT WAS SUPPOSED TO GO INTO THE COFFERS OF THE REB ARMY... BUT MY GRANDDADY DECIDED HIS LOYALTIES MIGHT BE ABIT DISPLACED WHEN 2 MILLION DOLLARS WERE AT STAKE...

...SO HE AND ABOUT 4 OTHERS STOLE AWAY FROM THE REGIMENT ONE NIGHT WITH THE TRUNK AND THREW IT INTO THE SWAMP.. AND... THERE WAS SO MUCH SUSPICION ABOUT THEM THEY NEVER CAME BACK.

BESIDES MY GRANDFATHER WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SURVIVED THE WAR ANYWAY...



...DIDN'T HE TELL YOUR FATHER? WHY DIDN'T HE COME BACK?

...MY FATHER NEVER BELIEVED HIM...

...BUT I DO... AND I BELIEVE THIS MAP TOO...

LISSEN FREEMAN...

...WHAT IF THAT THING AIN'T DOWN THERE...

...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT A FEE... FOR MY TROUBLE?

...YOUR FEE IS A FINDER'S FEE FREEMAN... IF YOU DON'T FIND ANYTHING... YOU DON'T GET A FEE...







... THE THING WAS UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE... IT WAS A THING THAT HAD LIVED HERE UNDER THE EVERGLADES UNCOUNTED YEARS... BREEDING AND EXISTING HERE WITHOUT CAUSE TO LEAVE... WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF HUMANITY EVEN AS WE ARE WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF *IT*... FOR WHO BEFORE *I* HAD A REASON TO VENTURE UNDER THE SWAMP... WHO BEFORE *I* WAS MAD ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT SUICIDE IN SUCH A LUNATIC MANNER...

... THE THING 'RESTED' NEAR WHAT APPEARED TO BE THE 'TRUNK' THAT DICKENS SEARCHED FOR... IT SQUATTED BESIDE IT LIKE A GUARD ON SENTRY-DUTY...

... THE THING DID NOT MOVE WHEN IT SAW ME... BUT AS I STARED AT THE GROTESQUERY MY MIND BECAME CLUTTERED WITH THOUGHTS THAT... THAT WEREN'T MINE... THAT WERE EXTERNAL IN ORIGIN... THOUGHTS THAT SEEMED TO COME AT ME FROM THE BEAST ITSELF...



...DID YOU GET THE **TRUNK** FREEMAN?

...IT'S ON THE END OF THE **CABLE**... HAUL IT UP DICKENS... WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE **TRUTH**?

...SO...THE **EMISSARY** WAS DOWN THERE...



...THE **WHAT**... THE **EMISSARY**?

...THE REPRESENTATIVE OF...**SATAN**?

WHAT?



...BEFORE YOU TOUCH THAT **TRUNK** DICKENS... BEFORE YOU EVEN **LOOK** AT IT I WANNA HEAR AN EXPLANATION...

...THE **TRUTH**...

...NEVER MIND AN EXPLANATION... **FORGET IT**... **FORGET THE TRUNK**...

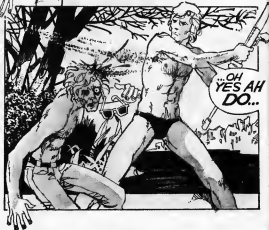
...HERE IS YOUR **MONEY**... ALL OF WHAT I PROMISED YOU...



...THAT AIN'T **ENOUGH** DICKENS... I WANNA KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT **TRUNK**...

...OH NO YOU DON'T...

...OH YES **AH DO**...



...OH YES **AH DO**...



...WELL?...

THAT'S IT...
THAT'S MY
STORY...

IT'S NOT THE
END OF THE STORY
THO...WHAT WAS IN
THAT TRUNK?...

...WHAT WAS IN
THE TRUNK?...

WHY...I WAS
IN THE TRUNK...



...MY DEAD
CORPSE...



...YOUR STORY IS...
NOT CLEAR FREEMAN...

...MAKE US AN
EXPLANATION...

...THIS WAS NOT AS
MUCH MY STORY AS IT
WAS THE TALE OF
ANOTHER...

...A MAN NAMED
**NICHOLAS
DICKENS...**

...IT WAS NOT CLEAR TO **ME**
EITHER AS I FIRST **SAW**
MYSELF... BUT THEN THE AWFUL
TRUTH BECAME **TERRIBLY**
CLEAR...

...IT APPEARS **SATAN** HIMSELF
WAS OUT TO **TORTURE** DICKENS...
HE KEPT HIS SOUL FROM HIM IN
THAT UNOBTAINABLE **BOX**
GUARDED BY HIS **EMISSARY**...
THE '**THING**' UNDER THE **SWAMP**
WATERS...

...DICKENS COULD **NOT** DIE TILL
THAT **TRUNK** WAS **RETRIEVED**...
WE COULD NOT GET AT IT, ONLY
ANOTHER MAN COULD... THAT
OTHER MAN WAS **ME**... AND WHEN
I DEFEATED THE '**THING**' AND
KILLED DICKENS I DID HIM THE
GREATEST 'FAVOR' THAT **ANY** MAN COULD
DO **ANOTHER**... I TOOK HIS
PLACE...

...OF COURSE, YOU ASK HOW I **KNOW** THESE
AWFUL FACTS WHEN THEY WERE NOT PRESENTED TO ME...



...WELL YOU SEE...
THEY **WERE**
PRESENTED TO
ME...

... BY **SATAN HIMSELF**...
HE APPEARED BEFORE ME IN THAT
PLACE AND **TOLD ME** DICKENS'
TALE... AND TOLD ME THAT AT
ANOTHER TIME IN THE PAST
SOMETIME HE HAD REPLACED
ANOTHER MAN... WHO HAD
REPLACED ANOTHER...

... AND UNTIL I
REPLACE MYSELF IN
THAT COFFIN-TRUNK
WITH THE SOUL OF
ANOTHER...

... I AM AS **HALF-DEAD**
AND **HALF-ALIVE** AS YOU
SEE ME **NOW**...

...IN THE NEXT **NOSFERATU** A MACABRE BLOCKBUSTER...:

WHEN THE DUSK FALLS... SO DOES DEATH!

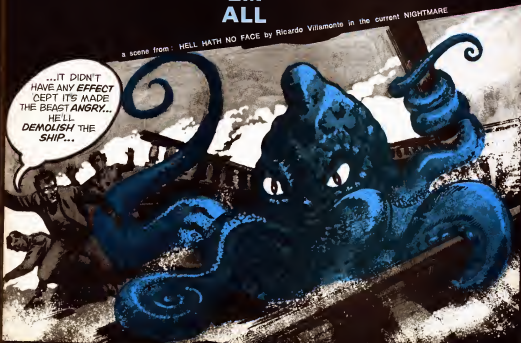
in
NIGHTMARE

THERE ARE
SO
MANY
MONSTERS


YOU
CAN'T
COUNT
'EM
ALL

a scene from: HELL HATH NO FACE by Ricardo Villamonte in the current NIGHTMARE

...IT DIDN'T
HAVE ANY EFFECT
CEPT IT'S MADE
THE BEAST ANGRY...
HE'LL
DEMOLISH THE
SHIP...



THESE
MEN
ARE
**NOSFERATU'S
MONSTERS**



...THIS...IS **NOSFERATU**...
... THESE MASKED 'MEN' WHO FLANK HIM AT THIS DEGENERATE 'SUPPER' ARE
GUESTS COME TO TELL THEIR TALES... COME, ONE BY ONE, FROM ALL PARTS
OF THE **WORLD** TO SPEAK OF THEIR MISERABLE LIVES AND LOVES... HAVE
ALREADY SPOKEN... ONE WHO ONCE -UPON-A-TIME WAS **DRACULA**... AND
ANOTHER, WHO UNTIL LATE WAS A MASTER OF THE **VOODOO**... **HIS NAME**
WAS **SINNER CANE**...AND HIS NAME MEANS **EVIL**...

...NOW IT IS TIME FOR **ANOTHER**
TO SPEAK... MYSTERIOUSLY MASKED
IN A **FROG'S HEAD**... HIS VOICE IS
DEEP-THROATED AND **GUTTERAL**
AND OCCASIONALLY HE PAUSES TO
CHOKÉ...

IN
SCREAM



NIGHTMARE



75¢
47778

NO 15
OCT
1973

...THIS IS THE WEIRD CREEPING DEATH ISSUE...



"THERE IS
ONLY ONE
DRACULA!
...I AM HE...
...I AM EVIL...
...ONLY I AM
DRACULA!"

NIGHTMARE



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A SKYWALKER HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

— PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN
— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST — KEN KELLY
BORRELL RICH BUCKLER MAELO CINTRON CUESTO
ED FEDORY GUAL MCNAUGHTON RUBIO ZESAR

welcome to NIGHTMARE #15

... in this issue ...

we are pleased to present a tale to announce the END OF THE EARTH, the truth behind the MYTHS about BATS, the semi-fictional SAGA OF DRACULA, and the blockbuster story of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES ... all within these pages of terror and horror in the HORROR-MOOD style you've come to love and DEMAND ...

THE KID AND THE KILLER
AND THE BUM RAP

DRACULA
DID NOT DIE!

THE
TRUTH
BEHIND
THE
MYTHS
ABOUT
VAMPIRE
BATS

RAVINGS
OF THE DAMNED

TAPESTRY OF BLOOD!!!

IT'S ONE IN THE DARK...



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THE GROTESQUE
GREEN EARTH

THE
GARGOYLES WHO
WENT TO WAR

...THERE ARE MANY PRETENDERS
TO THE THRONE OF THE PRINCE
OF DARKNESS...

...THERE IS A FICTIONAL
CHARACTER IN BRAM
STOKER'S NOVEL OF 1897
WHO STARTED IT ALL...



...THERE WAS A MAN ON THE AMERICAN SCREEN
WHO CAME TO BELIEVE HE ACTUALLY WAS THE
BLOODFRIEND... AFTER HIS ASTONISHING PUBLIC
RECEPTION AS THE DRACULA CHARACTER
OF THE MOVIES...



...AND THERE ARE OTHER
PRETENDERS... A MAN WHO
CLAIMS TO BE A DESCENDANT...



...ONE WHO CLAIMS TO
SERVE CERTAIN 'CHAOTIC
FORCES' AND WHO COMES
FROM ANOTHER PLANET...





... BUT KNOW THIS NOW...
... THERE IS ONLY *ONE DRACULA*...
... THERE HAS ONLY *BEEN*... AND WILL ONLY EVER *BE*, *ONE DRACULA*...

... A FIEND KNOWN AS *YEAH*, A PRINCE IN *ROMANIA* IN THE 15TH CENTURY ON WHOM *ALL* THESE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS ARE *BASED*...

... OUR FEATURE IS ABOUT *THIS MAN*... THE *DRACULA* WHO IS *DRACULA*... THE ONE AND ONLY... NO *POORMAN*... NO *PRETENDER*... THE *ORIGINAL*... THE TRUE-LIFE CHARACTER OF *HISTORY*...

... AND SO STARTS *CHAPTER ONE* OF THE LIFE OF THE MOST TERRIFYING AND *EVIL* MAN WHO YOU WILL EVER COME TO KNOW... THE *MAN* WHO IS *DRACULA*...

WRITTEN BY AL BRETTON
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBBELL

DRACULA DID NOT DIE!

...VLAD WAS A MAN OF EVIL; DESCENDANT OF AN AWFUL GROUP OF TYRANNICAL FOREFATHERS WHO RULED MALLACIA, NOW RUMANIA, WITH BLOODED IRON RODS...

... THE PEASANTS WHO WERE HIS SUBJECTS FEARED AND DESPISED PRINCE VLAD, FOR HE WAS A WARRIOR-LEADER AND HIS ATROCITIES ON THE BATTLEFIELD WERE ARCHTYPICALLY BRUTAL...



...IT IS AN HISTORICAL FACT THAT VLAD OF RUMANIA, AFTER WINNING A TREMENDOUS BATTLE, KILLED TEN THOUSAND PRISONERS, IN ONE DAY...

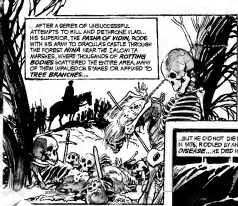
... KILLED THEM BY IMPALING EACH AND EVERY ONE ON STAKES




... IT IS AN HISTORICAL FACT -- HIS SUBJECTS CALLED HIM DRACULA, WHICH TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL HUNGARIAN TONGUE MEANS DRAGON, FOR SO EVIL WERE HIS CRIMES THEY SUSPECTED HIM TO BE AN INKUMAH PIRE - BREATHING DEVIL ...

... WAS HE A VAMPIRE? THE ANSWER IS YES... HE WAS A PERVERTED SADIST WHO KILLED FOR THE PLEASURE OF MURDER... WHO LISTED AFTER HIS VICTIM'S BLOOD... WHO BATHED IN IT... DRANK IT... OFTEN FROM THEIR STILL LIVING VEINS.






AFTER A SERIES OF UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO KILL AND DETHRONE VLAD... HIS SUPERIOR, THE ARKANS OF MOON, RODE WITH HIS ARMY TO DRACULA'S CASTLE THROUGH THE FOREST ANINA NEAR THE DALMATIA MARCHES, WHERE THOUSANDS OF ROTTING BODIES SCATTERED THE ENTIRE AREA, MANY OF THEM IMPALED ON SPIKES OR AFFIXED TO TREE BRANCHES...



...IT IS AN HISTORICAL FACT THAT AFTER STORMING DRACULA'S CASTLE AND CONQUERING HIS ARMY... THE PRINCE TRIED HIM FOR HIS CRIMES IN AN OCK TRIAL... WHICH RESULTED IN A VERDICT OF IMMEDIATE DEATH...



...BUT HE DID NOT DIE BY THE SWORD... IN HIS BED, RODED BY AN UNIDENTIFIABLE DISEASE... HE DIED IN HIS OWN BED...



...AND WAS BURIED IN FULL VIEW OF HUNDREDS OF OBERING PEASANTS... BURIED... FOR THE MAN CALLED DRACULA WAS DEAD... DEAD...

...BUT THEN... WHY IT IS ALSO AN HISTORICAL FACT THAT A FEW YEARS AGO TWO BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS WHO DISCOVERED VLAD'S BURIAL PIT FOUND IT COMPLETELY DEVOID OF HUMAN CARCASS...

...FOUND WITHIN THE BURIAL MOUND OF DRACULA THE SKELETON OF A COMMON HORSE...

...YOU THINK THIS IS SOME FICTIONAL DRIVEL WE MADE UP... INVENTED... TO SERVE THE COMMERCIAL CAUSES OF COMICS?...

NO!

...THIS IS FACT...

...IT IS OBVIOUS FROM THIS RESEARCH THAT, IN FACT, THIS MAN, THIS DRACULA... DID NOT DIE...



...NOW STARTS OUR TALE OF DRACULA...



...NOW STARTS OUR TALE IN EARNEST... AS THE RE-BIRTH OF THE WORLD'S FIRST, AND MOST POWERFUL VAMPIRE IS WITNESSED BY YOU...

... IT IS 1476, RUMANIA... MOURNERS WHO ARE
FIRE JEBBERS AND BLATED PEASANTS WHO
NUMBER, IVANY, SCUTTLE AWAY FROM AN UNCOOL
FUNERAL...

... THEY HAVE SEEN THEIR MONARCH BURIED... THEY
HAVE SEEN HIM TRED IN A COURT OF LAW FOR HIS
WARCRIMES, AND FOR HIS ATROCITIES TO THEM...
... NOW HE IS DEAD... VLAD THE IMPALER, THEIR
PRINCE, THEIR MONARCH... THEIR DRACULA IS
DEAD...



... A QUIET PETER YELLOW MOON CRUSHES ASIDE
THE STORMY SKIS TO LEER DOWN UPON THE GRAVE



... R-IN BEGINS TO DRIVE HEAVILY INTO THE
UNHALLOWED GROUND...



... ROOTSTERS SLICE INTO THE EARTH AND SINK
AND MALLOW IN THE AWFUL MUD...



... THEY COME TO A STOP AT THE SITE OF DRACULA'S GRAVE... THEY SEEM TO
SMIRK AS THEY SINK... AND LAUGH... AND FIND MUCH AMUSEMENT AS THE
TORRENTS OF WATER BEGIN TO FLOOD THE TOWNS OF A COMMON HORSE...



...AND THERE IS HEARD IN THAT
GRAVEYARD ON THAT NIGHT - EVIL, ENDLESS
LAUGHTER!
...A LEER FROM ONE WHO CANNOT DIE...
...FOR HIS NAME.



...HOW MANY TIMES THEY HAVE TRIED
TO KILL ME...
...HOW MANY PLOTS THEY HAVE SET...
...HOW MANY INSURRECTIONS
THEY HAVE PLANNED...
...HOW MANY ARMIES THEY HAVE SENT
INTO BATTLE WITH ME... HOW UTTERLY
INCREDIBLE THEY BE...
...THESE... HUMANS...





BUT NOW
I DO HAVE
TROUBLES...

...NOW THAT THEY THINK
I AM LEGITIMATELY DEAD
I WILL NO LONGER HAVE
TO GUARD MY LIFE 24
HOURS OF EACH DAY...

...BUT... I HAVE
LOST MUCH...



...MY
KINSHOON...

...MUCH OF
MY WEALTH...

...MY INFLUENCE
AND POWER...

...I MUST
EITHER GO INTO
DISGUISE OR
QUIT THESE PREMISES
OF MY BIRTH...

...AND I SHALL NOT
ENDURE THE LATTER
NOUGHTY... I WILL NOT
LEAVE...



...YES...

...CAN I
ENDURE
THE CURRENTLY
KNOWN AS ANONYMITY?
I AM NOT AN
ANONYMOUS
PERSON...

...I AM
AN INCARNATE
GOD... I AM
EARTH-BOUND
AND HUMAN-
BORN... BUT I AM
IMMORTAL...



...HOW UTTERLY SIMPLE IT
WAS TO ROOF THEM BY LIVING
STILL AND DEATH-LIKE,
WHILE MY EMPLOYERS WISDED
I WAS QUITE DEAD
DISSEID...

"... TO HAVE THOSE ASSISTANTS WREST
THE CLOSED COFFIN WITH THE BODY
OF MY HORSE..."



"... THEN HOW SIMPLE IT WAS TO
FOREVER CLOSE THE MOUTHS OF
THOSE ASSISTANTS..."



WHAT
IS THIS?
... TORCHES..."



...THEY STORM
THE PALACE...

WHAT ARE
THEY INTENDING
TO DO?

--DAMN

NO!



...THEY WANT
TO FIRE HER...

BURN MY
CASTLE TO THE
GROUND...



...ARE THEY
NOT SATISFIED
WITH KILLING
ME?

...MUST THEY BE SO
CHILDISH... SO SUPERSTITIOUS
TO LAY BLAME TO SUCH A PROUD
AND NOBLE STRUCTURE...

... THEY WILL PAY...

... I SWEAR...

THEY WILL PAY...

... WITH
THEIR
LIVES!...

NEXT:

HELL IS ON EARTH!

PARIS, FRANCE, 1947: THE COUNTRY IS IN THE MIST OF WAR, HARSH, BRUTAL, FANATICAL WAR...



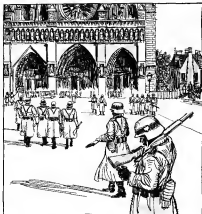
...THREE MEN OF CULTURE AND SCIENCE HAVE COME TO PARIS FOR ONE REASON... TO STUDY THE FAMED ARCHITECTURE OF THE NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL! FAMED NOT ONLY FOR ITS TALLEST ARCHWAY... BACK-IT IS ALSO NOTED FOR ITS ANCIENT GARGOYLES!



THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTS SPEND HOURS STUDYING ONE OF THE GARGOYLES. IT'S HEAVENLY BEAUTY AND AGE PROVIDE THE MEN WITH MORE THAN IDLE CURIOSITY... RATHER... WITH RESPECT! THEY PRAISE HIM... HIS MAJESTY WILL SEE PETTY WARS COME AND DIE... HE IS AGELESS!



HOURS LATER... NOTRE DAME IS SEIZED BY NAZIS... NAZIS WHO HAVE NO TIME FOR THE CULTURE OF HUMANITY!



THEY COME... THEY SLAUGHTER... AND MOVE ON TO THE NEXT WAR PRISON!
A FEW SOLDIERS REMAIN... TO KILL THE HELPLESS WHO ARE LEFT!



AN INSTANT BEFORE THE ORDER TO FIRE IS GIVEN THERE IS A RUSHING, FLAPPING SOUND... AS OF THE BEARS' FLAPPING OF STONE WINGS...

THE AMERICANS, AMONG OTHERS, ARE LINED UP AGAINST A WALL OF THE CATHEDRAL... TO BE SHOT!



...AND THE SOLDIERS LIE CRUSHED UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF A FAR GREATER POWER... THE POWER OF THE UNKNOWN!



COINCIDENCE? WE DOUBT IT...
SO DO THE MEN SAVED FROM
DEATH BY...

...THE
**GARGOYLE WHO
WENT TO WAR!**

...THE MACABRE MOVIE OF THE MONTH...
 ...SCREAM SCREEN MOVIE REVIEW...
...THEATRE OF BLOOD...

... behind the scenes production notes at:

THEATRE OF BLOOD

... by Al Hewetson ...

... **THEATRE OF BLOOD** is NOT a horror film. It is a black comedy, and in such a presentation VINCENT PRICE excels.



It is the best film of Vincent Price in a long time, primarily because it is a horror comedy. Vincent Price admits that he is most comfortable playing his roles tongue-in-cheek, as opposed to a straight horror. DR. PHIBBS was a film in which Price refused to take the character seriously — and therefore came across to this reviewer mere "tooth" than anything else. **THEATRE OF BLOOD** is a perfect vehicle for Price; tailor-made dialog gives him the opportunity to be as funny as he wants without ruining the mood of the film in the process.

... **ROBERT MORLEY** is also terribly funny in his role as a cop. **IAN HENRY** is well-suited to his role as a semi-retiré person, but **OLGA RIGG** (who plays a double role) is neither sweet nor vicious, marginal or essential (in either role) and was really very kawaii! Whatever was

it's a nice story written by **ANTHONY GREVILLE BELL**, and nobody will ever get bored, because it's lightly edited by **MALCOLM COOKE**, and pleasantly photographed by **WOLFGANG SURSCHITZKY** ... It's hard to tell about the direction of **DOUGLAS HICKOX**, because the film

the character-type of Edwina Lionheart (Price's daughter) we will never know, because Miss Rigg didn't know either ...

... the story is about Edward Lionheart (Vincent Price) a veteran Shakespearean ham actor who is refused critical acclaim by several pretentious critics ... he commits suicide and is revived by a bunch of drunks who saved him by covering his honor — so accomplished by brutally murdering all of the critics utilizing Shakespearean devices...

is MEANT to be MELODRAMATIC, but the entire production is a pleasant package, and so we give a complimentary 2 1/2 to Hickox too ...



... the they might LOOK like the bad guys, the 3 guys at the left are actually the INNOCENT little girl at right is really a MASS MURDERER!





... as usual in a Vincent Price movie there are so many murders you don't COUNT 'em all ... in THEATRE OF BLOOD a man gets hacked to death, another has his head chopped off and stuck onto a milk bottle, another has his hair electrocuted, another chokes to death as his toy balloons are forced down his throat by a latent, another is dragged behind a horse, another has his heart cut out, another drowns in a rice barrel ... there are more but our tipster has a weak stomach and wouldn't get through 'em all ...



... Also in this film is Irish actor MILO O'SHEA playing an British policeman, and English actor ERIC SYKES playing an Irish policeman, which should let you have a pretty good idea how comical the police force in this film are ... They permit murder after murder to happen until their noses even tho they know about them in advance, and in the end Eric Sykes gets demoted by a boss while looking in the break of a sportscar reporting on a waffle-talk to his own demise ... well ... !





THEATRE OF BLOOD is a film we recommend starring VINCENT PRICE, DIANA RIGG, IAN HENRY, HARRY ANDREW, CORAL BROWNE, ROBERT COOTE, JACK HAWKINS, MICHAEL HODGREN, ANTHONY LOWE, AND ROBERT MORLEY

produced by JOHN KOHN and STANLEY MANN
directed by DOUGLAS HYUNOK and written by ANTHONY LOWE

we recommend it from United Artists . . .

...NOT ALL BATS ARE DIRTY... NOT ALL BATS ARE UGLY... NOT ALL BATS ARE VAMPIRES (ONLY A RARE BREED ARE)... NOT ALL BATS HAUNT GOTHIC CASTLES AND CRUMBLING MANSIONS... IN FACT THERE ARE TOO MANY MYTHS ABOUT BATS FLYING AROUND THAT ARE REALLY JUST OLD WIVES TALES... HERE'S WHERE WE TELL THE WEIRD TRUTH...

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTHS ABOUT BATS

... PARTICULARLY VAMPIRE
BATS...



...THIS IS THE "NECTAR-FEEDING BAT" - A SPECIES THAT KNOWS NOTHING OF CRUMBLING CASTLES, BUT PREFERENCES TO DWELL ON FLOWERS IN THE SOUTH WEST UNITED STATES AND GUATEMALA... HE SERVES A VERY GOOD PURPOSE IN THIS REGION BY POLLINATING THE FLOWERS OF NON-POLLINATING FLOWERS AND THIS IS A **WORTHY** NOT A **REPULSIVE** SIGHT TO FAMILIES WHO LIVE IN THOSE AREAS...

...THE "TRUE VAMPIRE BAT" OF SOUTH AMERICA IS A MEAT-EATER AND WILL DEVOUR SMALL ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND **CATTLE**... BUT IT HAS NO USE FOR **BLOOD** WHATSOEVER AND THE ID IS A FILTHY AND DISEASE-CARRYING ANIMAL, DOES NOT POSE A THREAT TO MAN...



...THIS "SPOTTED BAT" IS ACTUALLY VERY CUTE AND IS REMINISCENT OF **DUMBO** BECAUSE OF ITS HUGE BARRISQUE EARS... IT IS A RARELY-SEEN BIRD WHICH IS ALMOST NEVER PHOTOGRAPHED BECAUSE HIS EARS ARE SO POWERFUL THEY HEAR IN SOUNDS A MILE AWAY... BUT SHOULD YOU BE UNFORTUNATE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HIM HIS AWFUL PIERCING **SCREECH** CAN VIRTUALLY PIERCE YOUR EARDRUMS...

...EVER FIND THE **REMAINS** OF SMALL ANIMALS OR INSECTS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE? THE REASON IS DUE TO THE APPETITE OF BATS LIKE THE "FLYING FOX" WHO CAN BITE THE **STRINGS** OF A SCORPION THEN DEVOUR IT AS SHOWN, LEAVING BEHIND THE TONG FILLED WITH **POISON**...





...OF COURSE THE REAL BAT TO AVOID LIKE THE PLAGUE IS THE SOUTH AMERICAN VAMPIRE BAT WHO IS A THREAT TO MAN FOR TWO REASONS... BECAUSE HE DOES CARRY THE PLAGUE... RABIES... AND IF HE DOES NOT DRAW A VICTIM OF HIS BLOOD HE WILL AT LEAST POISON WHAT BLOOD REMAINS...



...THE SECOND REASON TO STAY AWAY FROM THE VICIOUS VAMPIRE BAT IS THAT HE USUALLY TRAVELS IN "NEEDS" OR "SCHOOLS" OF 20 TO A HUNDRED IN NUMBER. THEY ATTACK AND KILL CATTLE ENVIANT (FOR BATS ARE NOCTURNAL CREATURES) AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO KILL PEOPLE OUT OF THE GREED FORCE OF ATTACK, AS WELL AS BY THE SCORES OF BATS EACH SUCKING OUT OF THE HUMAN BODY MUCH NEEDED HUMAN BLOOD...

...THIS...
...IS THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTHS
ABOUT VAMPIRE BATS...

...THIS IS THE KILLER...

...YOU CREEPS...

...I BEEN
FRAMED I
TELL YA...

...I DUNNA
LOTTA THINGS BUT
NOT THIS... SOMEBODY
SET ME UP I TELL
YOU...

...THIS IS THE KID...

...YOU'LL BE HAULED
IN FRONT OF A
JUDGE TOMORROW MILLER... BUT YOU'D
BETTER GET USED TO THE FACT THAT
YOU'RE GOING TO BE INSIDE HERE FOR
AWHILE...

...BUT IT'S
A BUM RAP
I TELL YA...
I SWEAR TO
GOD...



...WHEN YOU MAKE
AN OATH LIKE THAT MILLER--
MAKE IT IN SATAN'S NAME...
NOT GOD'S...

...MORONS...



WWW.WESTMILLER.COM

...KILLER MILLER
HUH?...

YEA KID...

...HEY--YOU
LOOK
FAMILIAR!

I SHOULD--
YOU USTA BE/T ME
UP ALL THE TIME
WHEN WE WERE
KIDS...



GOD-- IT'S... WHAT'S IT... WHAT'S
IT... I DON'T REMEMBER YOUR
NAME... BUT I REMEMBER
YOUR FACE...

...THE NAME'S EDDIE...
...BUT YOU USED
TO CALL ME CREEP...



...AND
WITH THESE
INTRODUCTIONS
WE START
OUR TALE...

THE KID AND THE KILLER AND THE BUM RAP

WRITTEN BY
JOE WESTMILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY
GREGO



MY GAWD KID... MY GAWD IT'S BEEN YEARS...

...YEH...

...I BEEN' READING ABOUT YOU IN ALL THE PAPERS-- YOU'VE MADE QUITE A NAME FOR YOURSELF -- BUT THEY NEVER SEEM TO CATCH YOU--

...SO KOWGUM, THEY CAUGHT YOU THIS TIME ?..



IT'S A BUMP RAP-- JUST A BUMP RAP I TELL YA... I DUNNO HOW I EVEN GOT MIXED UP IN IT -- THEY'RE CLAWING I BUMPED OFF SOME GUYS IN THE BRONX LAST WEEK... IT AIN'T TRUE...

...I WAS IN CLEVELAND FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS...

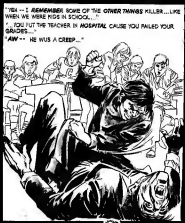


BUT YOU DO ADMIT YOU ARE A KILLER, AIN'T YOU?

...YOU ADMIT THAT DON'T YOU?..

YEH SURE...

...I DUNNA LOTS OF OTHER THINGS TOO...



"YEH -- I REMEMBER SOME OF THE OTHER THINGS KILLER... LIKE WHEN WE WERE KIDS IN SCHOOL..."

"... YOU PUT THE TEACHER IN HOSPITAL CAUSE YOU FAILED YOUR GRADES..."

"AW-- HE WAS A CREEP..."



"I ONLY DID WHAT ANYBODY WITH A LITTLE GUTS WOULD DO..."

"...YEH... GUTS WAS ALWAYS YOUR REAL NAME... I REMEMBER WHEN YOU SHUCK INTO A GRAVEYARD ONE NIGHT AND PULLED OUT A CORPSE... LEAVING IT ON THE STEP OF THE BUTCHER SHOP IN THE MORNING..."

"YOU REMEMBER THAT KID? YEH... YEH THAT WAS FUNNY-- REAL FUNNY KID-- DO YOU REMEMBER THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE WHEN THEY SAW THE CORPSE LYING ON THE SIDEWALK LIKE THAT?"



...WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU AFTER THAT? THEY PUT YOU IN REFORM SCHOOL AND I DIDN'T HEAR OF YOU FOR A FEW YEARS...

I STAYED IN REFORM SCHOOL FOR THOSE YEARS... I COULDN'T GET OUT...

...SO I ESCAPED... I HUGGED A GUARD... BUT THEY COULD NEVER PROVE IT WAS ME WHO DID IT...



"THEN I WENT TO SEE A GUY I KNEW IN L.A. AND HE SET ME UP AS AN ENFORCER..."

"YOU MEAN YOU WORKED FOR THE RACKETEERS TO KEEP PEOPLE IN... IN LINE?"

"...YEA... BUT MAINLY I KILLED 'EM..."



...HOW COME?...

...CUTE I KILLED HIM...



...THEN I CAME BACK EAST WHEN I GOT TOO HOT OUT THERE... BUT I BEEN STAYING CLEAN FOR A FEW MONTHS... I DON'T TO THIS JOB... I DON'T WANT TO... I GOTTA LOTTA BREAD HD... ALL THE MONEY I NEED...

...YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IT FOR A GOOD LAWYER...

...YEA...



YOU EVER MARRIED, KILLER?

...YEA... I GOT SICK OF HER FACE THO AND KICKED IT IN FOR HER...



HEH--WHAT YOU DOIN' AT THE DOOR?... JUST LOOKIN' KILLER...

...JUST LOOKIN' TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE...

-- THAT'S WEIRD... WHAT DO THEY EXPECT TO SEE ...

... SAY CREEP -- YOU NEVER TOLD ME -- WHAT YOU IN HERE FOR. AMTRUS?



* ... I KILLED MY WIFE ... THEY SAID I WAS CRAZY ... MAYBE THEY ... MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT ... JUST LIKE YOU KILLER ... I GOT TIRED OF LOOKIN' AT HER FACE ... *

" THAT'S FANTASTIC KID ... REALLY GREAT ... TOO BAD THEY CAUGHT YOU THO ... "

* ... HE THEY JUST GOT ON A BLUM RAP, TRYING TO GET ME ... SOMEONE'S GOT IT IN FOR ME I GUESS ... TRYN' TO GET ME OUT OF CIRCULATION ... *



... AN' I KILLED MY BROTHER ...



* ... MY FATHER ... *



...AM I KILLED MY
LANDLORD...?

...I KILLED THE GUEER THAT
LIVED IN THE APARTMENT
ABOVE ME...

...I KILLED 3 COPS...?

...2 DOCTORS...?
...OH GOD...?



... AN' NOW I'M
GONNA KILL YOU
KILLER...

HA HA

HA
HA
HA

HA HA

HA HA!

HA HA

HA HA

HA HA!

HA HA!

HA HA!

THE SOUTH PACIFIC SUN RISES, AS THE ETHEREAL BLANKETS OF FOG ROLL TOWARD CITADELS THAT ERUPT FROM THE VAST OCEAN DEPTHS.



THE AEOLIAN MOISTURE CLINGS LIKE DRAPERIES OF FINE NAN-KING SILK... DESTINED SOON, TO RELINQUISH ITS GRIP ON THE SAND-STREWN BODIES, AND...



...THE UNNAMEABLE HORROR THAT GLITCHES AMONG THEM !!!



MY GGAWWWDD!!!

UUUNNGGGHHHHH!!!!

TAPESTRY OF BLOOD!!!

WRITTEN BY ED FORDY ILLUSTRATED BY PABLO



AS TORTURED FINGERS DIG TROUGHS
AMIDST THE TIDE - WET SANDS...

HOW??!

...HOW COULD
THEY GROW TO
SUCH NADDEOUS
SIZE??!

ECHOES OF ROUNING FURY RING THROUGH THE STILL AIR
OF MORN...

...UNTIL, ONCE AGAIN, THE SOUNDS
OF SILENCE REIGN SUPREME!!



THIS NIGHTMARE
MUST DIE!!

IT'S
DEVOURING
HIS FLESH!!

AAAARRGGGGHHH!!!

...WHILE THE NADDEOUS
SOUNDS OF THE
FEAST, GURGLE ON...
UNABATED!!!



ONE MAN DROWNED...
THE OTHER TORN TO
SHREDS AND EATEN
ALIVE!!...

WHAT
DESTINY
HAS FATE
PLOTTED
FOR ME??!



WE ARE A
SORRY LOT
YOU HAVE
CREATED
LORD...

...TO BE
SUBJECT TO
THESE MYRIAD
DEPRAWTIES!!!



I DON'T KNOW
WHY I SHOULD
BURY HIM!?

THE SEAS
WILL PUT THESE
SANDS TO
WASH...

...AND HIS
DESTINY WILL BE THE
NOURISHMENT
OF CRABS!!

WHEN YOU'VE
FINISHED YOUR
DUTIES TO THE
READ...

HHUNNNHHHHH!!!

...WE MIGHT
THINK OF THE
APPETITES OF
THE LIVING!!

As the startled face jerks suddenly to starboard...

WHO ARE YOU?!!

WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM?!!

IT WAS NOT MY INTENTION TO STARTLE YOU!

COME! LET US MAKE AWAY FROM THIS DREADFUL SIGHT! YOU NEED NOURISHMENT AFTER YOUR TRYING ORDEAL!

COME!! WE WILL SEEK THE FRUITS OF TREES, AND THE ANSWERS OF YOUR QUESTIONS!!

LATER, ON THE INTERIOR JUNGLE GURWITS ...

DO YOU'RE A DOCTOR! THE SHIP YOU MENTIONED, THE "FAITH" ... THERE WAS QUITE A STR ABOUT HER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE!

HOSPITAL SAMP, WAGHT ONE?

ALL DROWNED...! ...SAVE ONE!!

HA HA HA!! YES, ALL SAVE ONE!!

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS BURIED? I HAVE SEEN NO GRIVES!

I CREATED THEM ALL!

SHE RAN OFF THE REEF WITH THE TIDES, AND SANK IN THE DEEP BLUE WATERS BEYOND!

THAT, SHE WAS! HIT THE REEF... SPLIT HER FROM STEW TO STERN!

PITIFUL SIGHT!! ALL STORES SWEPT INTO THE SEA... ALL CREW AND MEDICAL OFFICERS, DROWNED!!

ENOUGH QUESTIONS! LET US BREAK FOR MY CAMP, THERE, YOU MAY EAT AND SLEEP IN SAFETY!!



WONDER WHERE HE'S HEADED?

STILL CAN'T SAY I TRUST HIM!

SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HIM, DON'T KNOW WHAT...

...JUST STRANGE!!

MINUTES LATER, A STRANGE TABLEAU IS SPREAD UPON THE WET SANDS, NOT FAR FROM THE FROTHING WATER'S EDGE...



HE'S BURYING THAT GANT MOLLUSK...

I KNEW THERE WAS A HIDDEN SIDE TO THAT SMILING FACE!!

'BETTER FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO!!



SO, YOU HAVE FOLLOWED ME TO WHAT PURPOSE??!

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS GOIN' ON HERE!!

YOU GROW MORE CURIOUS BY THE SECOND!

YOU MUST THINK ME INSANE!... AND RIGHTLY GO!

THERE IS SOMETHING WEIRD IN THE AIR, AND IT STINKS!! ...I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!!!

FOR THEY ARE FEW THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN GIFTED TO COMPREHEND THE HIDEOUS MYSTERIES OF...

...DON'T SPEAK TO ME IN RIDDLES...

...MOTHER-SEA!!!



...AS YOU WISH!...

IT IS TRUTH, THAT THE "FAITH" SANK! BUT, THAT I SURVIVED...

...IS A LIE!!!

TO A MAN, WE DROWNED!!!

EACH OF US FELT THE WATER COURSE OUR LUNGS... EACH, THE TRANQUIL SLEEP THAT FOLLOWED THE MYRIAD MEMORIES!!



Y-YOU... YOU
DROWNED??!!

HA HA HA HAAAAAAA!!!

YES! BUT,
AS THOSE
MEDICAL SUPPLIES
STAINED THE
AZURE SEA...

...SO DID
THEY CREATED
A MOST
ADAPTABLE
LIFE FORM!!!

OTHERS
WERE RESURRECTED
AS I...

...THEY HAVE
FLED TO THE
COOLNESS OF
THE JUNGLE

...THEY
SAW YOU
MURDER
GRAYSON!!!

GRAYSON???

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
TALKIN' ABOUT??!

... WHO
IS THIS
GRAYSON?

... WAS
GRAYSON!!

HIS REMAINS
LIE CRUSHED, IN
THE HOLE
BEFORE US...



B-BUT, IT'S
JUST AN FREAK
OF NATURE...
A HORRIBLE
PHENOMENON...

... A GIANT
SNAIL!! A...

THIS, WAS
GRAYSON!!!



BENEATH THE SWAYS OF SENTINEL PALMS, THE TIDES OF LIFE ARE TRANSMUTED! WHILE MEN CAST EYES TO THE **GENEROSITY** OF THE **MOTHER-SEA** FOR FUTURE STORES, SO DO HER CHARGES SHED JEALOUS GLANCES AT THE **NOURISHMENT** THAT WALKS ON LAND!!



...THE IS NIGHTMARE #15 ... AND ON THESE EDITORIAL PAGES WE REVIEW
**...A WRETCHED BUNCH OF LETTERS
 AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...**

... what's NEW and what's UPCOMING? well for one thing DON'T DARE miss SPAS-TER SUSO'S ... SAGA OF THE VICTIMS starting soon ... it's a 100 page, 6 chapter EXTRA-VAGANZA featuring the 2 most vicious victims you'd ever hope to see (for an advance look at these two gals see the editorial pages of SCREAM #2, now on sale) ...

... and speaking of GALS ... we do welcome to JAUNICED JANE LYNCH of CHICAGO-TOWN who's our newest road-team member (and definitely the best looking member of the whole 1479 bunch) ... Jauniced Jane's first tale THE LUNATIC CLASS of '64, will be presented SOON so miss it not ...

... another GAL, we're kinda proud to present to LADY SATAN who resides her readable debut in SCREAM #2 ... the coating, beautiful, black anti-heroine will be a regular continued character in every SCREAM along with the tales of NOGGERATI by Archie Al and Ricardo Ricardo Villareale ...

... see the little coupon on this page? ... this is going to be a regular feature from now on ... we want to know exactly what's going through your mind when you read our tales and this is the only way we know how ... so help us out, huh? ... fill out the coupon (or write on a piece of paper) and send it in to us ... not just THIS month but EVERY MONTH ...

... speaking of little coupons ... we've received some interesting replies in our 'YES HEAR — NO HEAR' questionnaire ... the MARK SORTZI of Utica, Michigan, who says: "the space used for the Hear could be used for a much better space" ... and JAMES FLETCHER of New Rochelle, New York, who writes: "I think this was a well-thought-out ending for the Hear and the series should be left at that ... it was very touching" ...

... well ... those are samples of the NO-HEAR vote ... while the YES-HEAR vote is equally vehement about the continuing to grace the pages of PSYCHO ... MAX CRAMPTON, GEORGE LARSON, WAYNE RIFELE, ELRA SIESTRE, SCOTT THOMSON, LES ZANBREA, ANDY MILIKIN, JOHN KESTER, GARY COYLE, JAMES CARSON, KEVIN ROCKHOLD, MARK PERRY, VICTOR SHARP, PATRICK BOSSIO, GERALD WARD and GREG KING, and many others say YES ... GERTRUDE READUS of Chicago writes: "Please make 'em happy" and BILLY HANEY of Texas tells us "Hear's lookin' too fat" ... either put him on a diet or change sizes ... and ... call saying Good at the time — I don't think God had much to do with the evils of this series" ... so let the vote is split 50/50 ... but all the votes read in yet and we'll report your decision soon ...

... BILEN JOHNSON of New York writes: "The Hear and Frankenstein are over-done but

the HUMAN GARGOYLES are great ... Howtag is not just another blood and guts writer ... more stories about gargoyle, magi devils, druids, foreboding archaic temples, sorcerers, werens, and Egyptian gods" ...

... according to your BIGGER BUNCH OF QUESTIONS answers your favorite story in NIGHTMARE #13 was the 1986 4-pager "THE LITTLE SPIDER" closely followed by ONLY THE STRONG SHALL SURVIVE ...

... THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are your favorite characters and your favorite all-time story is split between these 3 titles ... "THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN" ... "THE NUMB" ... "THE PRINCESS OF EARTH" ...

... also very popular was Ricardo Ricardo Villareale's ... ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG ... as one reader wrote (assigned) ... "in addition to his excellent graphics, his use of page and panel layout is fine ... I was indifferent to the plot, but the story was well told, in both content and art, with an unusual and successful ending ... give us more Villareale!" ...

... this interesting vote is from ALFRED GALLEGOS ... "I am a new reader to your magazines and find all your stories fascinating. Here in Fort Worth your magazine is hard to get, which is why I am in total desperation in finding literature like this" ...

... To be frank, I wrote because I had a beef about something that is hurting your magazine. Once in a while in your books, I had stories about both vampires and werewolves; don't you think that is a little bit old hat, is that the real meaning of terror, horror

and fear? In other magazines I have read so many of the type that my canine teeth and fangs are getting longer ...

... When I plug your magazine around the school, most think I'm a idiot, thinking it's only a kiddie comic book. I won't let them borrow it because they will all just come over and read all the magazines I got ...

... would you believe it? ... I find, if we told you that 9 out of 10 letters we receive DEMAND exactly that ... more werewolves and vampires ... true! ... we are an ENTERTAINMENT oriented company and deliver what a DEMANDED ... WE ALSO give you weird stories of the "macabre" ... "science fiction" and "fantasy" ...

... TRADITIONAL HORROR, and as the readers demand it and DEFINE it ... that means Ghoulis, Creeps and Vampires ...

... a weird poem by TONY SPEIRS ...

I read PSYCHO whenever I dere!
 And each time I read it —
 I get a helvius scene!

... and whenever I read it,
 it fits me with tight ...
 and that's why I say —
 it's still out of sight!

But now that I SCREAM,
 and take all those dimes ...
 I triple my horrors ...
 and triple my NIGHTMARES!!

... an interesting letter from Mr. Spels accompanies his poem ...

... The best story is NIGHTMARE #13 was "ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG" I sort of like character stories, and one of the best I've ever seen is "THE HUMAN GARGOYLES" ...

... I wouldn't really like to see a non-comic Horror Magazine Digest because I mostly like my literature in comic form down though anything by Archaic Al would probably become a collector's item! ...

THE
**ALL-GHOU
 HORROR
 ISSUE**
 IS COMING





the ... is THE DIFUL DELT ROS

Spanish born artist of the success FELIPE GIMENEZ DE LA ROSA became involved with comics only ... few years ago when he observed his brother's interest in them ... for their interest he tried to copy the comic characters and was successful ... he studied his own character and before long joined ... at school in Valladolid, Spain, to study plaster etching and drawing. When ... years old he sold his first sketches, which were both impressive and successful ...

Difficult Delt Rosa then moved to Madrid where he became friendly with several art dealers coming artists, so when he was approached by their publishers during this time he supported himself by doing professional drawings to comics but at that time he took the time when he joined an artist's agency ... and he was quickly accepted a TV contract to prepare everything from drawing board through to elaborate promotions ...

since then it's been up and up the road to success for Deltful Delt ... he first prepared some tales for us last year like A PLOT OF DIRT and the GARGOYLE TRILOGY ... but that was only the beginning ... for when we gave him a preliminary order "how soon do you whatever we wanted" his mind went MAD ... and ever since he has been the absolute epitome of the humor mood ... stories like THE STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB (in SCREAM #1) ... I LAUGH THE LAUGH OF THE GRACEFUL DEAD (soon to be published) and THE MACABRE TALE OF 2 SNAKES and I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HERE (in SCREAM #2—now on sale) and WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW (in the NIGHTMARE WINTER-SPECIAL) are pouring out of his pen and pen at an astonishing rate. He has become an art master ... the most interesting comic artist of the decade ... because of his feeling for horror ... as another fan notes, "since the strange disappearance of Ghazzy Ghazzy ... he's not just an artist but an artist's artist ... no artist has accepted humor or expressed it ... Delt Rosa is again updated to the 1973 horror-mood style ...

With such testimonies as these Delt Rosa has a road before us in the mood-tem ... and we just have to say one thing about the terrific job before we close this manual bibliography — Delt DEFINED the HORROR-MOOD in his gifted and subtle and feeling for horror ... and that's as honorable a testimony that we can think of ...

... become involved — help us understand your likes n' dislikes by filling in this coupon — the first 5 copies will receive an advance copy of the next issue ...

My favorite story this issue was: _____

Here's WHY it's was the best story: _____

name _____

address _____

city n' other _____ age _____

NIGHTMARE #15

... Out of the stories you listed in order, my best ones would probably be as follows: THE HINGINGS OF LUTHER TAIN, the SLUTHER-SLIME MAN, LUNATIC PICNIC, and FUNERAL BURIAL ...

Your title are just as frightful as possible but if I wish to make up one I'd want something like "THE THIRD SLAB ON THE LEFT IS RESERVED ... FOR YOU" ... or something that has a similar ring to it ...

... it's been a WEIRD R.I.P. POLK — don't forget SCREAM #2 is now available at your local HORROR-MOOD bookstore ...

R.I.P. — ARCHAIC AI —
Archaic

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PUBLISHER'S ENTRY NOTE:

RECENTLY OUR EDITOR/WRITER, ALAN HEWETSON, VISITED THE SMALL TOWN OF ARNHAM IN MASSACHUSETTS FOR THE PURPOSE OF INTERVIEWING A CERTAIN HOWARD HAY WHO WROTE US THE FOLLOWING LETTER 5 WEEKS AGO...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ZESAR



THE DEPARTMENT
OF ARCHAEOLOGY

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS
MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY
ARNHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

PROFESSOR
HOWARD HAY
H.F., A.P.

DEAR MESSRS. WALDMAN, HEWETSON AND
WALDMAN:

— GENTLEMEN, I REALIZE HOW LIMITED YOUR TIME MUST BE... I WILL TAKE ONLY A **MOMENT** TO INVITE YOU TO **ARNHAM** FOR THE PURPOSE OF AN INTERVIEW, ONE WHICH I AM CONVINCED WILL LEAD TO YOUR INTEREST IN CERTAIN **ARTIFACTS** THAT HAVE RECENTLY COME INTO MY POSSESSION THROUGH MY POSITION AS PROFESSOR OF ARCHAEOLOGY AT **MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY**...
— **WHY** YOU MIGHT WONDER, DO I NOT SIMPLY FORWARD THESE ORGURE PAPERS TO YOU THROUGH THE MAIL? THE ANSWER LIES IN A SINGLE **WORD** WHICH I AM CONVINCED WILL EXPLAIN MY HESITANCY TO TRUST SO VALUABLE A DOCUMENT TO THE MAIL...
— THE WORD, GENTLEMEN, IS **SHOGGOTH**... AND I WASTE YOUR INQUIRY AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE...

CORDIALLY,



...HEWETSON AND ARTIST ZESAR ARRIVED IN ARNHAM ONLY **DAYS** AFTER THIS NOTE WAS RECEIVED FROM PROFESSOR HAY... WE KNOW ONLY **TOO WELL** THE CORRUPT HISTORY OF THE BEAST **SHOGGOTH**, AND ANYTHING **NEW** THAT MIGHT BE BROUGHT TO LIGHT MIGHT DO MUCH TO **QUELL** PROPHESIES, **IMMINENT DOOM** THAT THE ATROCIOUS **NEFRONOMYCON** OFTEN PREDICTED FOR THIS EARTH...

...THEY WERE FINALLY CREDITED BY PROFESSOR HAY... WHO LOOKED ALMOST RELIEVED AT THE SIGHT OF THE TWO YOUNG MEN... AND NERVOUSLY LAUGHED AFTER THEIR INTRODUCTIONS...



...PROFESSOR HAY?

I'M HEWETSON... THIS IS ZESAR... WE CAME AT YOUR INVITATION ABOUT THE **SHOGGOTH**!

YOU'VE... UNCOVERED SOMETHING?

YES... YES... COME IN GENTLE MEN... I HAVE COME UPON SOME PAPERS... STRANGE PAPERS THAT MAY BE OF GREAT VALUE TO **MANKIND**...



DO YOU MIND
IF I SKETCH AWAY WHILE YOU
TALK PROFESSOR?

NO... NO... THAT'S
ALRIGHT... GO AHEAD...

...*THESE*... THESE ARE THE PAPERS GENTLEMEN,
THEY ARE... HORRIBLE MANUSCRIPTS WHICH SUGGEST
BLACK THINGS EVEN THE VILE *MECROWM/COV*
WOULDN'T *DARE*...

...THEY WERE APPARENTLY WRITTEN BY A *WOMAN* DURING THE
LAST CENTURY, THE 19TH CENTURY... WRITTEN ABOUT THINGS
HERE IN *ARDAM*...

...*AWFUL THINGS* GENTLEMEN... *TERRIBLE THINGS* THAT CAN
ONLY BE THE *SHOBBONS*...

...IT TELLS OF A *DREAM* GENTLEMEN... A DREAM ABOUT THE *FUTURE* OF THIS EARTH... THE
AWKWARD UNNAMEDABLE FUTURE THAT WE MUST BE AWARE OF...

...WE, WHO LIVE *NOW* ON THIS... THIS...

THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



THIS... IS **ARKHAM** GENTLEMEN... THIS **OLD MAP** CLEARLY SHOWS ALL THE MAJOR STREETS AND THE **MISKATONIC RIVER**... **...THE WOMAN LIVED HERE...** ON THE **VERY EDGE** OF TOWN WHERE THE RIVER BEGINS TO CURVE A BIT...



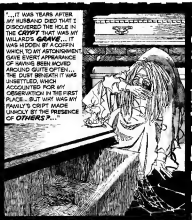
...THE WOMAN IS AS **MYSTERIOUS** HERSELF AS THESE PAPERS WHICH WERE RECENTLY UNearthED WHEN A LAND DEVELOPER TORE DOWN HER HOUSE...

...IN 1899 SHE LIVED IN THE HOUSE ALONE... HAD NO FRIENDS NO RELATIVES, SAVE A DEPARTED HUSBAND BURIED IN A LARGE CRYPT IN THE BACKYARD...

...ON JUNE 18, OF 1869, THE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE OFFICIALLY RECORDED HER **MISSING**... PERHAPS THESE PAPERS... A KIND OF **DIARY OF A DAY**... WILL ANSWER **THAT** QUESTION...



OH GOD... I WRITE THESE WORDS WITH SUCH A **SHAKY HAND**... WILL ANYONE BELIEVE THAT I AM **SANE** AFTER I WRITE THIS STORY?



...IT WAS YEARS AFTER MY HUSBAND DIED THAT I DISCOVERED THE HOLE IN THE **CRYPT** THAT WAS MY WILLARD'S **GRAVE**... IT WAS HIDDEN BY A COFFIN WHICH TO MY ASTONISHMENT GAVE EVERY APPEARANCE OF HAVING BEEN MOVED AROUND QUITE OFTEN... THE DUST BENEATH IT WAS UNSETTLED, WHICH ACCOUNTED FOR MY OBSERVATION IN THE FIRST PLACE... BUT WHY WAS MY FAMILY'S CRYPT MADE UNHOLY BY THE PRESENCE OF **OTHERS**?



... I ENTERED ...
DESCENDED
INTO A MACABRE
AND ENDLESS PIT
WHICH SEEMED
TO RUN FOR
MILES
UNDERGROUND.




...MANY TIMES I
STUMBLED UPON THE
SLIPPERY WATNESS
OF THAT TUNNEL...
SLIPPED ABOUT TILL
ONCE I FELL AND
CAME FACE TO
FACE WITH A
**GLEAMING
HUMAN
SKULL...**

...THEN I SAW THE
LIGHT... THEN I
SHOULD HAVE
TURNED BACK...
RUN LIKE BLAZES
BACK TO THE CRIBE,
BUT NO, MY
CURIOSITY WAS
IMPREGNATED
WITHIN MY OLD BONES.

...BUT MY LORD... MY
LORD WHAT I SAW
AT THE LIGHT AT THE
END OF THE TUNNEL
BURNED INTO MY
BRAIN...





"...AT FIRST SIGHT THE PEOPLE INSIDE WERE PERFECTLY NORMAL... I APPROACHED AND QUESTIONED THEM AS I WOULD ANY NORMAL LIBRARIANS."

WHAT IS THIS PLACE... WHERE AM I? GOD... WHY DON'T YOU **SPEAK?** IS SOMETHING WRONG... WHAT'S THE **MATTER** WITH YOU? ..




MY GOD... YOU'RE... YOU'RE **ZOMBIES!!**

...WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?**... ENTERING... A... HISTORY OF WAR?... WRITING A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN OF WAR'S **VULNERABILITY?** MY LORD... LORD... THEY'VE TURNED YOU INTO **ZOMBIES** AND ARE MAKING YOU WRITE WAR'S **DOOM**...

THEY MEAN TO **SURFACE** AND **CRUSH** THE **WORLD**... AND YOU'RE **HELPING** THEM

...WELL I WON'T **LET** YOU...





I LOOKED AT THEM AS I RAN FROM THAT HORRIBLE ROOM... THAT UNHOLY LIBRARY WHERE THOSE INHUMAN MINDLESS THINGS WERE PREPARING FOR THE ATTACK AGAINST AWAKIND... THEY DID NOT MOVE OR SEEM TO EVEN NOTICE THE FIRE... THEY DID NOT SCREAM AS THE FLAMES LEAPED UP AT THEM, FOR THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD...



"THEN AS I RAN AND RAN... I RAN INTO THE THING!..."



"...IT WAS AS STUNNED AS I WAS... AND I WAS ABLE TO SLIP THROUGH ITS FLAILING ARMS... ABLE ONCE AGAIN TO RUN LIKE BERRY WAS AFTER ME... AND HORROR, HE WAS..."



"... I MADE IT TO THE DOOR-HATCH AND SLAMMED IT DOWN... IN THE DISTANCE I COULD HEAR THEM SCREAMING AND CALLING 'TEKELI-LI'... 'TEKELI-LI'..."

"... BUT IT
WAS FOR
NO USE...
SOON
THEY
PUSHED
THE HATCH
UP AND
WERE
AFTER
ME..."



TEKELI-LI
TEKELI-LI

WHUCK



"... THEN... IT DRAGGED ME BACK... INTO ITS HELL-HOLE..."

"PULLED ME ... BACK INTO THAT GROTESQUE TUNNEL..."



"... DRAGGED ME INTO THAT SMOKE-FILLED WETNESS-WELL IN HELL..."



"... THE TUNNEL WAS A SCENE OF TOTAL UNBODILY CONFUSION BECAUSE OF THE FIRE I'D STARTED... THE SHODDY THINGS WERE RUNNING ABOUT MADLY... ONE, I THINK MY LORD CRASHED INTO THE BEAST THAT PULLED ME..."

"... I SEIZED THE CHANCE AND SCRAMBLED BACK UP THAT BLACK CORRIDOR... I HEARD VOICES CHASING AFTER ME... ONLY THEIR MAD CRIES AS THEY TRIED TO SAVE THEIR RECORDS..."



...NOW I AM ALONE IN MY HOUSE... WRITING THESE WORDS... WRITING THEM TO WARN... BY OWN LIFE IS AS GOOD AS ENDED... FOR I HEAR THE THINGS SHUFFLING AROUND OUT BACK... I SMELL THEIR INHUMAN AND DEGENERATE BODIES GRIPPING ME OUT... I HAVE NO TIME LEFT... I PRAY YOU LISTEN TO ME...

...I
FEAR YOU
LISTEN



... WOULD
PUBLISHING
THIS ACCOUNT
SERVE AS A
WARNING?...



...AND THERE GENTLEMEN, THE
NARRATIVE ENDS... SAVE
FOR THE WOMAN'S
SIGNATURE AFFIXED
AT THE CLOSE...

...YES...

...WE KNOW...
BUT VERY FEW OTHER
PEOPLE DO...

NOW... YOU AND I
KNOW THE AMPLE
VALIDITY OF THESE
WORDS... WE KNOW
FROM OUR STUDIES
OF THE LOVECRAFT
CHRONICLES THE
DEGENERATE
POWER OF
THESE SIGNS/OTRS.



...NO...IT
WOULD BE A
START...

...BUT... IT
WOULDN'T BE
ENOUGH.



WHERE
WERE THE IMPERS
FOUND?



HERE... IN THE RUINS OF THE HOUSE... ..INSCRIBERS FOUND THE PAPERS STUFFED UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS...

HOW ABOUT THE CRYPT... AND THE TUNNEL?

AH... THAT GENTLEMEN... IS ONE OF THE REASONS I CALLED YOU HERE, TO ASSIST ME...

...THOSE WHO ENTER THAT TUNNEL MUST BELIEVE...



...EXACTLY AS THE OLD WOMAN DESCRIBED...

LORD... LOOK... THERE'S THE ROOM, THE LIBRARY...

...TAK...



GOOD GRIEF!!



NO HEWITSON...

...NOT ENTIRELY...

...LOOK HERE AT HER LAST WARNING...

...THE SHOGGOTH OBVIOUSLY MOVED ON TO ANOTHER HEADQUARTERS, PERHAPS THEY THOUGHT THIS ONE IN DANGER OF DISCOVERY... THE LIBRARY IS STRIPPED... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE OLD WOMAN WAS FORCED TO BECOME ONE OF THE ZOMBIES... FORCED TO BETRAY HER FELLOW MAN...

...PREPARE... THE YEAR THEY WILL COME UP TO THE EARTH IS 1973...

...FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY...

PUBLISHER'S COMMENT: WE CLOSE WITH THE LAST WARNING OF THAT OLD WOMAN WHO DARED TO STAND AGAINST THE SHOGGOTH... ..WE CLOSE WITH THE THOUGHT THAT...IF AN OLD WOMAN CAN ACCOMPLISH THIS MUCH, IT TAKES ONLY A MEASURE OF BELIEF ON OUR PART TO TOTALLY CONQUER THEM... WILL WE THO?.. OR ARE WE... AS SKEPTICAL ABOUT THIS AS WE ARE ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE? R.L.P. ...1973

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REMAINS OF ONE ONCE HUMAN! TAUT SKIN
LIES BARREN AND DRY--STRETCHED OVER
BRITTLE BONES, AS FLAKEY EYE-FLESH
DEMANDS THE FLUIDS LOST!...

...RAVINGS OF THE DAMNED!!

HE'S DEAD!!!

LORD KNOWS,
THE TERRIBLE
AGONIES THAT ARE
ETCHED IN HIS
FACE!!

STRANGE,
THE SKIN IS DRY
AND HARD...LIKE
PARCHMENT!!!

MY GOD... AS IF
SOME CREATURE
DRAINED ALL THE
FLUIDS FROM HIS
BODY!!!

ALMOST
AS IF... AS
IF...

WRITTEN BY ED FERRY
ILLUSTRATED BY VIGNO



I DON'T LIKE THIS, KILPATRICK!

I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT!



FIRST IT WAS ONE OF OUR PORTERS... NOW DAVIS!!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

WHO'S GOING TO BE NEXT?!

I'LL TELL YOU FRANKLY, IT'S THE WORK OF SOME MONSTROUS SNAKE THAT IS CAUSING ALL THIS MISCHIEF!!



A SNAKE!?

IS IT A SNAKE THAT CRUSHES EVERY BONE IN A MAN'S BODY?...

IS IT A SNAKE THAT...

...DRAINS ALL THE BODY FLUIDS ???!



OKAY, BENNET... WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?!

QUONTOTAZ !!!

QUONTOTAZ ?? THIS JUNGLE SUN HAS REALLY BAKED YOUR BRAIN!!

QUONTOTAZ, IS ONLY A FOOLISH INDIAN LEGEND!!



THE INSCRIPTIONS IN THE TEMPLE... THEIR TRANSLATIONS...

...NOW CAN YOU SCOFF AT THEM ?!

WE STAND ON THE SACRIFICIAL GROUNDS BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF QUONTOTAZ, AND ALL YOU CAN THINK OF... IS SNAKES!!

I TELL YOU, IT IS QUONTOTAZ!!



... IT WAS THE SLAVES
OF QUONTOTAZ WHO
SLEW THE OLDS...



... IT WAS IN HIS SPECIALLY
DESIGNED TEMPLES, THAT
THEIR BODIES WERE PUT TO
THE PRESS...




... BLOTTED FROM MORTAL
EXISTENCE...



... ONLY TO BECOME AS THE WINE OF
GRAPES... CRUSHED TO A FLUID DEATH!!!



DRIIP...
DRIIP...
DRIIP...



... FLUIDS THAT WERE DESTINED
TO QUENCH THE MOST PERVERTED
OF THIRSTS!!!



I HEARTLY SUGGEST
THAT YOU FORGET
THE PIPE DREAMS,
AND GET A GOOD
NIGHT'S REST!

I LEAVE
YOU TO YOUR
DREAMS!!

TAKE A FEW
GIPS FROM THE
FLASK...

I SHALL NOT
SHUT A LID THIS
NIGHT!!

... HELP
YOU SLEEP
BETTER, YOU
KNOW?!

AS STRANGE-PLUMED BIRDS SING THEIR
CRYPTIC SONGS THROUGH THE STILL-DANK
JUNGLE AIR...

GOD, GIVE HIM
JUST ONE DUNCE
OF COMMON
SENSE!!

HIS STURDIDITY
WILL MEAN DEATH
FOR BOTH OF
US!!

SUDDENLY...

KILPATRICK!!!



9 CAN'T SECONDS LATER...

GONE!!

BENNET!!!

FOR GOD'S
SAKE, BENNET...
HELP ME!!!

PLEASE
HELP ME!!!

THE
TEMPLE!!!





FOR GOD'S
SAVE, MAN...



HURRY,
BENNETT...

... THIS
THING IS GOING
TO KILL ME!!!



DON'T
SHOOT!!!

DON'T
SHOOT!!!

QUANTOTAZ!!!



SUDDENLY, AS BENNETT OBSERVED
THE HELLISH APPARITION...

BY ALL THAT'S
HOLY, SAVE ME!!!

YOU WERE RIGHT,
BENNETT... YOU
WERE RIGHT!!!

IT'S...





FOR LONG MONTHS THE CHRONICLES FEASTED UPON THE NEWS OF ANOTHER JUNGLE MYSTERY... THE LOST KILPATRICK EXPEDITION... SCOURING SOCIETIES ORGANIZED RESCUE PARTIES WHO THROUGH THE HEAVY RAINS OF THE MONSOON SEASON, FOUGHT THEIR WAY PAST THE WALLS OF VINES!

HURRY MEN!
WITH LUCK WE SHOULD REACH THEIR CAMP BY NIGHTFALL!



THE HOURS PASSED QUICKLY... SILENTLY. THE SUN GLID FROM THE SOUTH AMERICAN SKY, AS RAZOR-SHARP BLADES OF STRONGLY WIELDED MACHETTES FOUGHT THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS OF DUSK... UNTIL ...

THE TEMPLE!!
THE TEMPLE!!!

THANK GOD,
WE'VE REACHED IT AT LAST!!



DO YOU THINK ANY OF THEM HAVE SURVIVED??

PERHAPS, BUT IT IS NOT LIKELY!

IT HAD BEEN LONG MONTHS OF SILENCE SINCE WE RECEIVED THE LAST DISTRESS CALL!!

I HAVE LITTLE HOPE FOR THEM!!



THERE!!!

WHAT DO YOU SEE???

BY THE STATUE... I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVE!!! ...

... BUT NOW, THERE'S NOTHING!!



YOU SEE, QUANTOTAZ,
IT IS AS I SAID ...

... THEY COME !!!





IT WAS MY SIGNAL THAT BROUGHT THEM! MORE WILL COME!!

YOU SPARED MY LIFE... GAVE ME IMMORTALITY... IMPARTED YOUR WAS KNOWLEDGE AND SECRETS TO ME!

I HAVE KEPT MY PROMISE !!!

















YOU HAVE SHARED WITH ME, THE ELIXIR OF ETERNITY...

... AND TAUGHT ME THAT...



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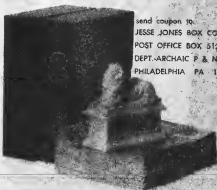
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...THIS IS

THE HUMAN GARGOYLES



YOU WANNA RIDE? HOP IN...WHERE YA HEADED, MISTER?

ANYWHERE AWAY FROM HERE...



YOU'RE IN LUCK...

I'M HEADED ALL THE WAY TO THE GULF AREA...YOU CAN JUMP OFF ANYWHERE YOU LIKE...

...EDWARD, MINA AND ANDREW SARTYROS LEAVE NEW YORK AND RIDE SOUTH ABOARD THIS 20-TON TRUCK...THEY HIT TOWNS AND STATES THEY'VE OFTEN HEARD OF BUT NEVER STOP LONG ENOUGH TO GET TO KNOW THEM...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

WRITTEN BY ALAN BREWSTER
ILLUSTRATED BY RAUJO COSTA

...THE TRUCK STOPS IN VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, SOUTH CAROLINA...GEORGIA...THEY'RE ALL THE SAME...THE PEOPLE ALL SCARE AT THEM...LEER AT THEM...THE WAITRESSES FUMBLE...THE HOTEL KEEPERS QUESTION...IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME...



...THIS IS BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA...WHERE THEY DECIDE TO GET OFF...THEY THANK THE KIND MAN WHO BECAME THEIR FRIEND...ANDREW GIVES HIM A LITTLE KISS ON THE CHEEK...THEY ARE FINALLY SOMEWHERE THEY DECIDE THEY WANT TO BE...

**ONCE UPON
A TIME IN
ALABAMA=
A HORROR**





...BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA...

DO YOU REMEMBER THE PRIESTS SPEAKING OF THIS CITY?

...VAGUELY... THEY DIDN'T SPEAK OF IT VERY FLATTERINGLY...



DRADA

...NO...THEY DIDN'T... THEY SAID IT WAS A CITY OF HATRED.

EDWARD, IF PEOPLE HATE PEOPLE HERE... WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

...THAT WAS THE 19TH CENTURY MIND... DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE NOW...



DO YOU SEE ANYTHING?

YES...THEY'VE IMPORTED AN ENGLISH CASTLE AND ARE RECONSTRUCTING IT AS A TOURIST ATTRACTION.

THEY NEED WORKERS AND IT PAYS WELL, TOO... WE NEED THE MONEY...



YES, DEAR... YOU GO AHEAD AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET WORK... ANDREW AND I WILL WANDER AROUND... SEE YOU HERE AT SIX...

WILL YOU AND ANDREW BE ALL RIGHT?

ALL RIGHT BUT TRY TO AVOID ANY CONFRONTATIONS... YOU KNOW WHAT'S LIKELY TO HAPPEN.



YES, DEAR... YOU GO ON... WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

...YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, ANDREW...

HEH HEH



YOU WANT TO WORK HERE? LOOK...FELLAS... WERE ALL FILLED UP... WE DON'T NEED ANYBODY...

THE PAPER SAID YOU NEEDED MEN TO WORK... I AM WILLING TO DO AN HONEST DAY'S WORK...

WHAT ARE YOU ANYWAY?





...THANKS...

HEY...JUST
WHAT ARE
YEW? SOME
KINDA CIRCUS
FREAK?



I AM...A
GARGOYLE...

WHAT THE
HELL IS A
GARGOYLE?

SARTYROS!!



OH LORD
NO...NOT
HERE...NOT
NOW...

SARTYROS...
YOU KNOW WHY
I'M
HERE...

WHAT THE
HELL IS THAT?
ANOTHER
GARGOYLE?



I AM NOT
GOING TO
FIGHT
YOU...

GO BACK
TO HELL...
FROM WHENCE
YOU CAME...

...I WAS
SENT HERE FOR
ONE PURPOSE...
TO BATTLE
YOU... YOU
KNOW
WHY...

BUT YOU
HAVE NO
CHOICE...



...I HAVE A CHOICE...
AND I WILL NOT
FIGHT YOU... YOU SEEK
TO GET ME IN TROUBLE
AGAIN WITH THE LAW
TO PREVENT MY
FAMILY KNOWING
HAPPINESS...
IS SATAN SO TOTALLY
LACKING IN INTELLIGENCE
THAT HE THINKS
I'LL GET INTO THE
SAME TROUBLE
AGAIN...

I WILL
NOT
FIGHT...

YOU ARE STUPID, SARTYROS... YOU WILL DO EXACTLY AS YOU ARE COMPELLED TO DO... YOU WILL FIGHT ME...

NO... I WILL ACT AS MY INTELLIGENCE DICTATES... I COULD KILL YOU AS I KILLED THE OTHERS... BUT I WILL NOT FIGHT...

WHAT'S A MATTER, YOU A COWARD?...
...IF YOU DO NOT FIGHT ME... SATAN WILL CONTRIVE POLYTRON TO SEND AN ENTIRE HALL OF BULLETS FIRED BY A MADMAN... IN A STUDENT RIOT...

...CLOSE YOUR EYES, SARTYROS... YOU WILL PERCEIVE A MENTAL IMAGE PROJECTED BY SATAN! YOUR WIFE AND CHILD ARE IN THE CITY...

IF YOU FIGHT ME... THIS WILL NOT BE CAUSED TO HAPPEN SARTYROS... SO FIGHT ME...

NO!

WHY... ARE YOU MAD?

OH GOD... NO

...I... AM NOT MAD... I MIGHT BE MURDERING MY OWN LIFE AND CHILD BUT I AM NOT MAD... SATAN IS A LIAR! I WILL SOONER BE WITH THEM THAN SWALLOW YOUR LIES...

FOOL... YOU CANNOT MAKE IT TO THEM IN TIME/ THEY WILL DIE...



DON'T BE AN
ADONIS SARTYROS...
THEY'LL DIE BEFORE
YOU CAN GET TO
THEM... YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE...
WHY DON'T YOU
FIGHT...



I WILL
NOT FIGHT YOU
-I DON'T BELIEVE
A WORD
YOU SAY.

...THEN... WHY
DO YOU RACE LIKE
A LIFE DEPENDS
ON IT?

TO GET
AWAY FROM
YOU...
LEAVE ME
BE...

...IF YOU
WILL NOT FIGHT
ME AS SATAN
WANTED...

...I WILL
FIGHT
YOU...

LEAVE
ME
ALONE!!

YOU CANNOT
MAKE ME FIGHT
YOU... YOU KNOW YOU
CAN'T... YOU WOULD'VE
TRIED BEFORE...

NO?

... YOU WERE
MEANT TO ATTACK
ME FIRST IN FRONT
OF THE WORKERS...
THEY WOULD HAVE
ATTENDED TO THAT
IN COURT...

GET OFF MY BACK!!





OH, GOD...
LET IT BE ANOTHER
L&E... LET IT BE
ANOTHER L&E...



...THERE THEY
ARE IN THAT
CROWD... THEY'RE
STILL ALIVE... BUT...
SATAN COULD KILL THEM
BEFORE MY EYES
BEFORE I REACH
THEM...



ONCE UPON A TIME IN ALABAMA THERE WAS A HOPEFUL... BUT THINGS ARE CHANGING HERE AS THEY ARE CHANGING EVERYWHERE ELSE...



NEXT:
A DAY IN COURT...
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA VS...
THE HUMAN GARGOYLES...

TORTURE... RUBBISH... MY EXPERIMENTS DON'T TORTURE ANYBODY... THEY ARE LEGITIMATE STUDIES TO FIND OUT THE CAUSES OF MADNESS... MAYBE IF I FIND THE CAUSE I CAN FIND A CURE...



... IN PSYCHO #13 ...

PSYCHO

... SCREAM is the companion title to NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO ... the weird HORROR-MOOD magazines from the SKYWALK MOOD CORPORATION featuring excruciating tales of death and pain ...

In PSYCHO #15 (on sale next month) will be MONSTER MONSTER, RISE FROM THE CRYPT ... THEN ... THE GHOUL ... Ideas by EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FIDORY, AWKWARD AUGUSTINE FUMMELL, ARCHMAG AL and introducing the newest horror-mood team member — JAUNDICED JANE LYNCH ... miss 'em not ...

SCREAM

... THEN ... IT DRAGGED ME BACK ... INTO ITS HELL-HOLE ...



"PULLED ME ... BACK INTO THAT GROTESQUE TUNNEL ..."



... DRAGGED ME INTO THAT SMOKE-FILLED WITNESS WELL IN HELL ...

... what is HORROR?

(a few people ask!)

HORROR

is

a

MAN

who

DEGENERATES

into

a

DEAD-THING!



... like THIS man ... VICTIM to his LOVER ... a VAMPIRE ...

... this man loves a VAMPIRE ... and he PAYS for his LOVE by DYING ...

... he's in SCREAM #2 ... now on sale ...

... NIGHTMARE #16 ... a man dies because he is afraid to LIVE ...

... PSYCHO #15 ... a girl kills her lover because he is NORMAL ...

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ALL ORIGINAL **MONSTER** SPECIAL

NIGHTMARE

NUMBER 16 DEC 1973

T.M.

"THE
VOODOO
DEAD"
AWAIT YOU
WITHIN!



A SKYWALD **HORROR-MOOD** PUBLICATION

ALL ORIGINAL **MONSTER** SPECIAL

NIGHTMARE

NUMBER 16 DEC 1973

T.M.

"THE
VOODOO
DEAD"
AWAIT YOU
WITHIN!



THE HOUSE OF THE HORROR-MOOD

... the tales of the HORROR-MOOD are writ in a weird HOUSE OF HORRORS in the wee, dark hours of the late morning ... how many tales there exactly AISE yet unwritten is UNKNOWN and better left undiscovered — but we know THIS — there's a whole UGLY BUNCH of stories bein' illustrated now that ... ugh ... that never should've been WRITTEN in the FIRST PLACE ... unfortunately we have no control over what Archaic AI and Emotionally-Disturbed lid and Jaundiced Jane and Awkward Augustine DO within those ghastly, cobwebbed rooms — all we can do is PUBLISH their weird stuff so, if you can STOMACH it, here's a sickening PREVIEW of some tales to be unleashed SOON within these pages ...

HORROR PREVIEW

WEIRD

THE VAULT

FRANKENSTEIN

THE
HUMAN
GARGOYLES

VS. THE

HUMAN DEAD

THE
DAY
OF
THE
DEAD

THE DEATH PIT

THE
NIGHT
OF
THE
LIVING

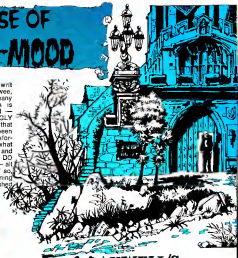
THE PHANTOM

OF
THE

OPERA

THE VAMPIRE!
THE HOUSE OF USHER

THE
FREAK



... tales of horror all, from the House of the Horror-mood ...

... welcome to THE VOODOO DEAD and THE WEREWOLF MACABRE and the GHOUL OUT OF HELL and THE ROOTS OF ALL EVIL and THE VAMPYRE and HELL HATH NO FACE... all tales of HORROR scripted to TORMENT YOU...

— PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST JAD

BORRELL MAELO CINTRON GENE DAY ED FEDORY
 AUGUSTINE FUNNELL PABLO MARCOS MARIO NAVA RUBIO
 SUGO RICARDO VILLAMONTE ZERAR

NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

THE VAMPYRE!

THE BIRTH OF A BEAST HELL HATH NO FACE

...WITHIN IS A QUIET HELPLESS YOUNG GIRL... A BIT RESTLESS... FOR OUTSIDE IS A FULL MOON...



...HAIR THAT GROWS THICK AND MATTED... AND WITH IT COMES IMMEASURABLE STRENGTH...



...AND AS ITS RAYS STREAK IN THROUGH THE WINDOW IT HAS A REACTION UPON HER. OBSCENE GROWTHS OF HAIR APPEAR ON HER FACE AND HANDS...

DRAGNET: WEREWOLF

THE ROOTS OF ALL EVIL

HELL
 STORY BY ISRAEL WALDMAN

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I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS CITY... I CAN'T MOVE AN INCH WITHOUT BEING TAILED BY THE POLICE...

...AN' EVERY CITY IN THE COUNTRY IS LIKE THIS... I'M GETTING OUT...



...TO SOMEWHERE A VAMPIRE CAN OPERATE WITHOUT THE DAARN LAW BREATHING DOWN MY NECK EVERYTIME I MAKE A MOVE...



SO STARTS THE SHORT TALE OF RAUL MUNDO, VAMPIRE, AS HE LEAVES THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SERENITY OF THE CARIBBEAN... WE WARN YOU THO', DEAR READER, THIS IS NOT A TALE FOR THE WEAK... FOR THIS TALE OF AN AMERICAN VAMPIRE IS THE SAGA OF...

THE WOODOO DEAD



...NOW THAT I'M AWAY FROM THE CENTER OF THINGS I THINK I MIGHT HAVE MADE A MISTAKE...

...I MISS THE ACTION AND EXCITEMENT...

...AND I MISS THE **VICTIMS...**

WRITTEN BY JOE DEBITA

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILAMONTE



PERHAPS I WAS **BORED**
IN THE CITY...

...PERHAPS THE
SPRIT OF THE HUNT
IS MORE SATISFYING
THAN THE ACTUAL
SATIATION OF THE
LUST!



...PERHAPS
IF I TRIED
TO ENJOY THE
BLOODLUST
INSTEAD OF
GRUDGINGLY
ACCEPTING
IT I MIGHT
BE MORE RE-
WARDED...

WHAT--

...IS
THIS?

...SOME
SORT OF
CEREMONY...

...OF...
EVIL...



**AMHARIOS--
TUBERON!!**



...WEIRD CHANTING--
LIKE **VOODOO RITUAL**... BUT
THOSE **BEASTS**-- WHAT ARE
THEY?



AMHARIOS--
GRANT ME CONTINUED
POWER OVER THESE
PREHISTORIC RELICS--
THE BEASTS WHO SERVE
ME ALSO SERVE YOU...

SINCE MY DISCOVERY
THEIR PRESERVED REMAINS IN
THE CAVES THEY HAVE WIELDED
ME IMMENSE RESPECT FROM
THE NATIVES...

...THEY HAVE COME TO
REVERE AND FEAR THE VOODOO
...THEY ARE YOUR SERVANTS
AMHARIOS...



...SEE
AMHARIOS?--HOW
THEY PULL THIS
TRESPASSER FROM
HIS INVISIBLE PLACE
IN THE TREES...

...I AM...
NO ORDINARY
TRESPASSER, WITCH-
PRIESTESS...
I WARN YOU...



...NOT
ORDINARY?
PERHAPS NOT
ORDINARY TO YOUR
MIND... BUT TO ME...
YOU SUCCEMB TO THE
VOODOO LIKE
ANYONE !!

AMHARIOS
...DEDONEY...
DESIORET...

**DESTROY
HIM!!**



...TAKE HIM TO
THE CAVE...

...THERE...YOU CAN
DO WITH HIS BODY
WHATEVER YOU
WILL...

...BEING CANNIBALS,
I HAVE NO DOUBT AS
TO WHAT EXACTLY YOU
WILL DO WITH IT!

...HE...IS A
HANDSOME
FIGURE OF A

MAN... I WONDER
WHAT HE MEANT WHEN
HE SAID HE WAS NO
ORDINARY MAN...
NOW... I SUPPOSE,
I'LL NEVER KNOW...

...SUCH A PITY...

...NOW AS I ADMIRE
HIM, HE IS DEAD! SUCH A PITY!
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE
EXERCISED LESS DRASTIC A
CHANT... MADE HIM A SLAVE
INSTEAD OF A DEAD MAN...


...YET AS A MIND-
LESS SLAVE HE'D
BE AS USELESS AS
THE DINK-WITTED...

PREHISTORIC BEAST-
MEN WHO SERVE ME...
THEY ARE NO
COMPANY...

I NEED
A MAN...

...AND I AM
...SO STUPID...

...FOR I HAVE JUST
MURDERED A MAN...
ONE WITH ALL
THE QUALITIES...
I DESIRE...



THUS, THE WOODOO PRIESTESS
REMNORSEFULLY LEAVES THE
DEAD-MAN TO THE BEASTS...



YOU'RE...
ALIVE?

HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE?

...THUS, HER POWER NO LONGER
OMNIPRESENT, THE DEAD MAN
AWAKES FROM THE DEAD...



...I'LL NOT GIVE
YOU A **SECOND**
CHANCE TO PUT ME
UNDER YOUR

DOMINANCE!



OBVIOUSLY,
WOODOO WITCH,
YOU WIELD
TREMENDOUS SPIRITUAL
POWER...



...ON THIS
OCCASION...IT
IS I WHO
STRIKES
FIRST!!



...ONE VAMPIRE DIES...



...AND ANOTHER VAMPIRE,
NEW BORN, COMES TO LIFE...

...BUT, I AM
NOT DEAD...
THO' I WOULD NOW
RATHER BE...
YOU HAVE KILLED
THE ONLY MAN WHO
MIGHT EVEN HAVE
BEEN RIGHT FOR
ONE SUCH AS I...

...NOW--ALL
THAT IS LEFT FOR
ME IS AN ENDLESS
PARODY OF EVIL...



YOU...
KILLED
HIM...
MY AVENGERS...
MY LOYAL
DISCIPLES...YOU
SLAUGHTERED
HIM...YOU
THOUGHT...TO
AVENGE
YOUR DEAD
MISTRESS...



...A MOMENT'S FLEETING
CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS FOR
TWO WHO MEET IN THE NIGHT...
BUT...IT WAS ONCE WRITTEN: "IF
YE LIVE BY EVIL YE SHALL DIE
BY EVIL"...AND ON THIS NIGHT...
TWO OF EVIL: DIED...





... THIS IS **TED WILLIAMS**.
... HE LIVES IN CHICAGO IN THESE EARLY '50'S...

... HE IS THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...
... WITH RESPONSIBILITIES AND
FRUSTRATIONS THAT HE HANDLES ABLY...



... BUT WHEN COMES THE NIGHT, HE **BROODS**...
... A **NEW** FEELING, SOMETHING PERHAPS **LATENT** WITHIN...



... WHEN COMES **THIS** NIGHT, WHEN A FULL **MOON** GLOWS THROUGH
THE **RAIN**, HE SEEMS TO LOSE HIS **FACULTIES**... HE BECOMES
SENSITIVE -- WHEN HE WALKS IT IS WITHOUT A **DESTINATION**
THAT HE KNOWS OF...



... YET, WHEN HE SEES THE SMALL SHOP
HE KNOWS TO **STOP**.





...OUTSIDE THE BAD MOON RISES HIGHER... AND HIGHER... TED WILLIAM'S BLOOD SEETHES... HIS MIND DIMS... HIS SENSES DULL... AND FOR THE FIRST TIME... HE BECOMES...

THE WEREWOLF MACABRE

WRITTEN BY ALAN BENNETTON

CHAPTER ONE:

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDOLPH AND SUZE

THE BIRTH OF A BEAST

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



... IN THE MORNING, THE POLICE COMMISSIONER WOKS UP LYING IN AN ALLEY...
... HE DID NOT REMEMBER HOW HE GOT THERE...
... FURTHER, THE MAN IN HIS HEAD CONVINCED HIM HE MUST'VE BEEN DRINKING THE NIGHT BEFORE... AND THAT HE DID DRINK **TOO MUCH**...



... HE WAS DEPRESSED AS HE WALKED TO THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
... IT WAS **WRONG** FOR A MAN OF HIS OFFICE TO BECOME SO IRRESPONSIBLE... BUT **THAT** WAS NOT HIS MAIN WORRY... HIS ACTIONS HAD BEEN SO COMPLETELY **OUT OF CHARACTER**... HE WAS A SOBBER **SAY** MAN... WHOSE HABITS **RARELY** PERMITTED MORE THAN 1 OR 2 DRINKS... CLEARLY, SOMETHING WAS **WRONG**...



... THIS HE THOUGHT AS HE WALKED, TILL HE WAS INTERRUPTED...







...SEE HERE
COMMISSIONER...

WHAT A
MESS!
WHAT COULD
HAVE DONE THIS?

...I SUSPECT SIR...
THAT A WEREWOLF
DID THIS...



REMOVES DO NOT
EXIST HARRISON...

...BUT THEY
DO SIR...
I AM A DOCTOR.
I KNOW. THERE
HAVE BEEN
OTHER CASES.
RARE BUT REAL
ENOUGH...



LYCANTRPHY IT'S CALLED...
USUALLY THE CASES INVOLVE
PSYCHOS AND LUNATICS...
PERVERTS!

ACTS OF VAMPIRISH GHOLLISM AND
LYCANTRPHY ARE NOT UNKNOWN AT ALL...
JUST THE OTHER DAY I WAS READING IN
AN ALABAMA NEWSPAPER A SMALL
REFERENCE TO A GRAVE BEING DUG
UP IN A LOCAL CEMETERY...

...THE BIRMINGHAM COUNTY
MEDICAL EXAMINER THINKS
IT WAS A CASE OF
GHOLLISM...



...ALL THIS SUGGESTS
ONLY THE ACTIONS OF A
PERVERT... A MAD-MAN...



... THEN STARTS A **DORGNET** IN THE CITY, WITHIN **HOURS** A MIGHTY METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE MARCHES INTO ACTION...
 ... POKING UP CREEPS AND DISSEMINATES...
 ... INTROLLING FOR SIGNS OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL...
 ... BRADING UNOVARISBODS IN FRONT OF WITNESSES TO THE ORIGINAL CRIME...

... THAT NIGHT... COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS WALKS THE FIVE MILES FROM POLICE-HEADQUARTERS TO HIS APARTMENT-HOUSE HOME... AS HE WALKS HIS MIND BECOMES KIND-OF- CLOBBED UP AND **MUDDY**...



... HE SLOWS AND STOPS TO CLEAR HIS LUNGS... HE CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT AS HE LOOKS UPWARDS TO SEE THE PETCH YELLOW-GREEN MOON HIDING INTO HIS MIND TO REPLACE **REASON** WITH **MADNESS**...

... AND CHANGES INTO...
A WEREWOLF MAGABRE...
 AND... **ATTACKS...**



... AGAIN AS MORNING COMES IN A
CHILL WIND THE WINDY CITY, TED
WILLIAMS WALKS IN AN ALLEY. THIS
TIME HE IS NOT MERELY UPSET...
THIS TIME HE IS FRANTIC...
...AND SUSPICIOUS...



... ANOTHER VICIOUS
ATTACK COMMISSIONER...
... THIS TIME 4 PEOPLE
ARE DEAD...

MY GOD...
... DESPITE OUR
PERSECUTIONS...

YES SIR... BUT WE
HAVE A LEAD... AN OLD
GYPSY FOLKLORE TELLER
IS IN THE OUTER OFFICE
WAITING TO SEE YOU...
... SHE SAYS SHE HAS
IMPORTANT INFORMATION
WHICH MIGHT LEAD TO AN
ARREST...



... GYPSY
FOLKLORE TELLER...



NO -- YOU INTERVIEW HER...
GIVE ME A REPORT...
I DON'T SLEEP WELL LAST NIGHT
GORDON... NOT AT ALL...
I NEED A NMR... WITH
NO DISTURBANCES...



... WILLIAMS IS OPRESSED... HE KNOWS NOW THERE IS SOME
LINK... THE MENTION OF A GYPSY FOLKLORE TELLER MEANS
SOMETHING TO HIM... PERHAPS IT IS OBSCURE IN HIS MIND...
BUT SOMEHOW IT IMPLICATES ANIM...
... HE SLEEPS THE DAY AWAY...



...AND WHILE HE SLEEPS... WE GO INTO YESTERDAY
TO ESTABLISH HOW THE ALL CAME TO BE...

... 1955. AUSTRIA... A GYPSY WOMAN IS
FRESHMINT WITH MALE CHILD...



...THE FATHER IS **NOT** A STRONG MAN... HE IS A DRUNKARD, ALWAYS
FIGHTING AND GOBLANNING IN THE BAND OF BOHEMIAN NOMADS OF WHICH
HE IS THE LEAST IMPORTANT MEMBER...

...HE RETREATS INTO HIMSELF AND HIS WIVES EVEN FURTHER... AND TAKES
UP WITH ANOTHER WOMAN... A **WITCH**... A PRACTITIONER OF THE
BLACK ARTS...



... HE SOBERS AT THE THOUGHT OF HIS UNBORN CHILD WITHIN HIS WIFE... QUITS
HIS DRUNKEN CIRCUMSTANCES, RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND WOMAN...

...THE WITCH IS A VENGEFUL WITCH... AND THROWS ON HIM CELESTIAL AWFUL
NOU-MENTIONS WHICH WITHIN A MONTH CAUSE HIM TO BECOME A WEREWOLF
AND TO ATTACK MEMBERS OF HIS GROUP...



...THEY KILL HIM IN THE FASHION GENERALLY USED TO KILL
WEREWOLVES... AND DRIVE HIS WIFE FROM THEIR HEED...
EVEN THOUGH SHE IS WITH CHILD...

SHE COMES TO AMERICA FOR HER CHILD'S BENEFIT...
AND SHE DIES -- HE IS PLACED IN AN ORPHANAGE AND
THERE HE FORGETS ALL HE KNOWS OF HIS MOTHER... ALL
HE SUSPECTS OF HIS FATHER AND HIS DREAMS...

...NOW THE CHILD IS AN ADULT... WITHOUT A MEMORY-- HE
HAS ACCOMPLISHED **MUCH** IN HIS 26 YEARS... BUT
NOW AS HE BEGINS TO STIR FROM HIS REST AT
NIGHTFALL... WE REJOIN HIM AS THE **ANTICIPATED**
BECOMES THE **PRESENT**...





...**TED WILLIAMS**, POLICE COMMISSIONER AND MILD MANNERED LIBERAL. BY DAY, WAS DEVELOPED THE WRETCHED HABIT OF WAKING UP IN **ALLEYS**... LYING IN THE GUTTER... NOT REMEMBERING WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THE NIGHT **BEFORE**... WHEN HE WAS **THE WEREWOLF MACABRE**...



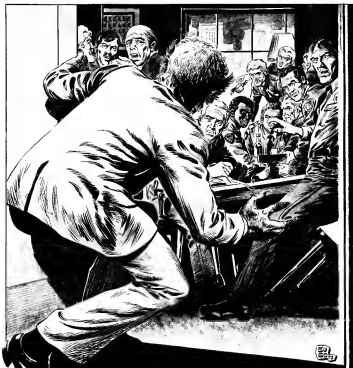
...IT STARTED ONLY **DAYS** BEFORE NOW... WHEN HE BEGAN TO **BROOD** COME **NIGHT**... AND COME THE **NIGHT** OF THE **FULL MOON** HE TURNED INTO A **RAGING, SMILING BEAST** WITHOUT A **MIND**...

...**BUT ACTUALLY** IT STARTED **MANY YEARS** AGO... JUST BEFORE HIS **BIRTH** IN **RUMANIA** IN 1935... WHEN HIS **FATHER** WAS **CURSED** BY A **VENGEFUL GYPSY**... A **CURSE** WHICH EFFECTED AN **AWFUL CHANGE** IN THE **FATHER'S PHYSICAL BEING**... A **CURSE** WHICH WAS **TRANSMITTED** AT **BIRTH** TO HIS **SON**!



...WE MIGHT ASK **WHY NOW?** WHY IS THE **CURSE** BEING **FULFILLED NOW**... THE **ANSWER** IS **WITHIN** THIS **BUILDING** ITSELF... **BUT WILLIAMS**, ALIAS **THE WEREWOLF MACABRE**... IS **UNWARE** OF **ANYTHING** AS HE **SEARCHES** FOR AN **EXIT** FROM **POLICE HEADQUARTERS**...

... BUT INSTEAD OF AN EXIT TO FREEDOM... HE ENTERS THE OFFICERS' MESS TO CONFRONT 20 POLICEMEN WHOSE SURPRISE IS MATCHED ONLY BY THEIR FEAR AT THIS AWESOME SIGHT OF A WEREWOLF-BEAST IN THEIR MIST...



...AND SO WE START CHAPTER 2 OF THE WEREWOLF MACABRE... TO CONCLUDE THE WEIRDEST 2-PART-TALE OF THE CENTURY...

THE WEREWOLF MACABRE

© CHAPTER TWO ©

DRAGNET: WEREWOLF

... NOW ... BEFORE WE GET **TOO INVOLVED** IN THE CONFRONTATION OF THIS **WEREWOLF-MACABRE** AND SEVERAL POLICEMEN WHO ARE QUICKLY RECOVERING THEIR SENSES...
... BEFORE WE BECOME **TOO INVOLVED** IN THIS **BATTLE** ABOUT TO **ENSUE**...
... LET US QUIETLY MOVE TO **ANOTHER ROOM** WITHIN **POLICE HEADQUARTERS**...



... A ROOM THAT IS A **SPECIAL ROOM**...

... A **JAIL CELL** THAT IS A **FADDOD** **JAIL CELL**...

... **WITHIN** IS A **QUIET** **HELPLESS** **YOUNG** **GIRL**...
... A **BIT** **RESTLESS**... FOR
... **OUTSIDE** IS A **FULL MOON**...

... **HAIR** THAT GROWS **THICK** AND **MATTED**... AND
... WITH IT COMES **IMMENSURABLE** **STRENGTH**...



... AND AS ITS **RAYS** STRIKE IN
... THROUGH THE **WINDOW** IT
... HAS A **REACTION** UPON HER...
... **OBSCENE** **GROWTHS** OF **HAIR**
... **APPEAR** ON HER **FACE** AND
... **HANDS**...

...STRENGTH AND POWER SHE HAS KNOWN ONLY A WEEK... AND THO IT IS MINDLESS POWER IT IS SOMEHOW GUIDED BY INSTINCT TO SEEK OUT THE KINDRED SPIRIT IN THIS PLACE...



... AND WHEN THEY MEET IT IS WITH A DEGREE OF ASTONISHMENT... THO THEY ARE OF THE SAME KIND THEY CANNOT OTHERWISE COMMUNICATE WITH EACH OTHER...



...AND BEING CAUGHT UP AT THE STRANGE SIGHT OF ONE ANOTHER THEY LAY THEMSELVES OPEN FOR THE POLICE BULLETS WHICH RIDDLE THEM...

...AND THO IT CANNOT BE FATAL TO ONE WITH SUPERHUMAN POWERS, THE MAIL OF EXPLODING SHELLS WITHIN THE HEAD OF TED WILLIAMS, ALIAS THE WEREWOLF-MACABRE, CAUSES HIM TO SPIN AND LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS...

...NOW BRINGS THIS TALE... NOW BRINGS THE DRAMA OF EMOTION AFTER THIS BIZARRE CONFRONTATION... AS ONE WHO IS DOOMED TO DIE IS SAVED FROM DEATH'S DOOR AND CARRIED INTO THE NIGHT...



BAMM
BAM
BOAMBAM
BOAM
BOAMMM



...NOW... BRINGS THE POLICE OPERATION THAT CHICAGO WILL NEVER FORGET... DRAGNET; WEREWOLF...



WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED IN
HERE?

WEREWOLF
SIR...
THE WEREWOLF...

...AND YOU
LET IT GET
AWAY?



WE
FILLED
IT WITH
BULLETS...

...BUT
THERE WERE
TWO
SIR...

... WE
SEEMED TO
WOUND ONE OF
THEM BUT THE
OTHER ONE
CARRIED IT OFF

...THUS STARTS THE BIGGEST MANHUNT IN CHICAGO'S HISTORY... THE POLICE TRYING TO REGAIN THEIR LOST SELF-DIGNITY AT LETTING THE BEAST OUT FROM THEIR VERY OWN HEADQUARTERS...



...BUT THE EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE IS EMPLOYED TO SEARCH AFTER THE WERE-THINGS, THEY NATURALLY DO NOT LOOK IN THE MOST OBVIOUS PLACE...



...IN AN ALLEY BEHIND HEADQUARTERS WHERE 2 WHITE BEASTS WATCH SILENTLY THE MIGHTY POLICE DEPARTMENT BEGIN ITS SEARCH FOR THEM...





...WE KNOW THE STORY OF ONE OF THESE 2. NOW IT IS TIME TO LEARN THE TALE OF THE OTHER...

...IT BEGAN AT A EUROPEAN BORDER POINT IN 1942 WHEN A MAN AND A WOMAN WERE FLEEING THE NAZI REIGN OF TERROR. THEY WERE CIRCUS PERFORMERS... HE A 'BARKER'... SHE, OBVIOUSLY, A 'BEARDED LADY'...



SO... YOU WISH TO LEAVE GERMANY... WHY IS THIS?

... WE ARE ENTERTAINERS OBERST... WE TRAVEL ABOUT THE WORLD ENTERTAINING.

... YOU DO NOT LOVE YOUR GERMAN HOMETLAND?

YES BUT... BUT WE ARE ENTERTAINERS... WE MUST ENTERTAIN...

... ARE YOU TIRED OF ENTERTAINING GERMAN'S?...

... IS YOUR UGLY WIFE TIRED OF AMUSING GERMAN'S?

MY WIFE SR... IS AS PROUD OF OUR HOMETLAND AS I AM BUT...

... BUT YOU WISH TO LEAVE NAZI? NO TRUE ENTERTAINER WOULD LEAVE! WHEN SO MANY GERMAN TROOPS NEED AMUSEMENT.

... KILL HIM...

OH MY GOD!

THRAKKY

...IT REQUIRED A CATALYST...
SOMETHING OUTSIDE OF THEM
TO BRING WHAT WAS DEEP
INSIDE OF THEM OUT...



...AND THAT WACKABO CATALYST WAS
THE OTHER... WHEN THEIR ENERGIES
MET IT WAS FATE THAT A
REACTION SHOULD OCCUR... AND
THAT REACTION WAS A POSITIVE
MANIFESTATION OF THIS LATENT
LYCANTHROPIC LUSTS...



I DON'T
KNOW YOU
BUT... I
LOVE
YOU...

AND I
DON'T KNOW YOU
BUT... I KNOW WE
ARE BOUND TO EACH
OTHER FOR ETERNITY...
AS IN LOVE... AS IF
WE WERE AS
ONE...

... AND AS THEY KISS... THEY KISS
NOT CARING WHETHER THEY ARE...
2 HUMANS ...OR 2
WEREWOLVES...



THERE
IN THE
ALLEY...

...IT'S THE
THINGS...
...FIRE
ON THEM...

...KILL THEM
THIS TIME BEFORE
THEY HAVE A CHANCE
TO RUN...



NO...
WAIT...
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



...YOU'VE
KILLED
HER...

...GOD
YOU'VE
KILLED
HER...



HE'VE KILLED THE ONLY WOMAN I'VE EVER LOVED

...THESE SPECIAL SILVER BULLETS ARE WORKIN'...

...WE KILLED ONE OF 'EM...

...BUT... WHY WON'T THE OTHER ONE DIE?!

...HE COULD HAVE TOLD THEM... THAT THEY DIDN'T KILL HER WITH THE BULLETS BECAUSE THEY WERE SILVER BULLETS... JUST THE FACT THEY WERE BULLETS WERE ENOUGH... THEY KILLED HER AS A WOMAN... AS A HUMAN...



BOAMM BAMM BAMMB
BAMB BDAM BDAMI
BADAMM

...HE COULD HAVE TOLD THEM... BUT HE DIDN'T...

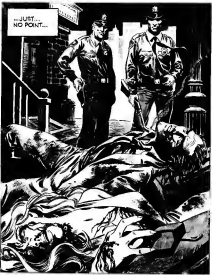
...BECAUSE... THERE WAS JUST NO POINT...



...NO POINT TO ANYTHING ANIMORE...

THEY'RE GETTIN' TO HIM... HE'S FALLIN'!

BAM
BOAMM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM



...JUST... NO POINT...

ON THE DAY THAT THE STRANGER CAME, THERE WERE CLOUDS IN THE SKY NOT THE LIGHT CLEAR KIND, BUT **DARK** AND **FORBIDDING**. NOT MANY PEOPLE SAW IT, AND IT WAS A **PITY**, BECAUSE THEY'RE SURE WERE A SIGN OF THINGS TO COME!



THINGS WERE ALWAYS QUIET IN TOWN, AND NOT MUCH EVER HAPPENED, EXCEPT FOR THE WEEKLY SQUARE DANCE AT BENSON'S BARN. EVERYONE ALWAYS TURNED UP AT THE DANCE, AND IT WAS THE SAME ON THIS PARTICULAR SATURDAY NIGHT.



IT WAS JUST A SMALL TOWN, SO ALMOST EVERYONE KNEW ABOUT HIM BEING THERE. WE DIDN'T MUCH CARE THOUGH, BECAUSE THE STRANGER KEPT TO HIMSELF, AND DIDN'T **BOTHER** ANY OF US.

BESIDES, NOT MANY STRANGERS CAME INTO TOWN, SO WE THOUGHT A NEW FACE WOULD BE PLEASANT. BUT THE MAN JUST GOT A ROOM IN THE HOTEL AND NEVER CAME OUT.



EVEN AT THE BARN DANCE, NOTHING EVER HAPPENED, EXCEPT FOR EVERYONE HAVING A GOOD TIME THAT'S WHY WE WERE ALL **SCARED** WHEN **BOBBY THOMPSON** CAME INTO THE BARN. HE WAS **MISTY-EYED** AND LOOKED AS IF HE WAS **ROARING DRUNK**, AND HE WAS CARRYING A **GUN!**



WE ALL STOPPED DANCING AND EVEN THE FIDDLER STOPPED PLAYING **BOBBY THOMPSON** DIDN'T SAY **ANYTHING**...JUST **LOOKED** AT US. **THEM**, AS SIMPLE AND AS SLOW AS YOU PLEASE, HE RAISED THE GUN AND **SHOT** TOM POTTER! THAT WAS THE FIRST THING THAT HAPPENED...

WHEN THE DEATH SENT US DEATH!



HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO **ESCAPE**... JUST WAITED FOR US TO GRAB HIM AND TAKE HIS GUN AWAY.

HE JUST LOOKED AT US, BUT HE NEVER SAID A WORD A FEW OF US TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE JAIL AND HE NEVER SO MUCH AS **WHISPERED** ALL THE TIME.

WHY'D YOU DO IT BOBBY WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?



MAYBE HE'S GONE **INSANE**. TOO BAD WE COULDN'T STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLED TOM.

WELL IT'S OVER NOW **NOTHING** WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME.

CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT... THOMPSON'S **NEVER** DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE. WOULD WHAT'S **HAPPENED** TO HIM?

WE WENT HOME, BUT IT WASN'T **OVER**. WE FOUND THAT OUT SOON ENOUGH WHEN CARL RILEY WALKED INTO THE RESTAURANT THE NEXT DAY.

CARL! WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH THAT **GUN**!?

HE DIDN'T SAY A THING... JUST SHOT THE GUN UNTIL IT WAS **EMPTY**. WHEN HE WAS OUT OF BULLETS THERE WERE ONLY TWO OF US LEFT.



THIS IS **INSANE!** TWO **MURDERS** IN TWO **DAYS!** WE'VE NEVER EVEN HAD SO MUCH AS A JAWWALKER IN THIS TOWN.

MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT **NEW GUY** OVER AT THE **HOTEL**. THINK WE OUGHT TO GO OVER AND TALK TO HIM?



OKAY THEN, WE'LL LEAVE. BUT I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO STAY TOO MUCH **LONGER**. WE'VE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE IN THIS TOWN BEFORE, AND PEOPLE MAY START THINKING YOU'VE GOT **SOMETHING** TO DO WITH ALL THIS.



SORRY SHERIFF... CAN'T HELP YOU BEEN IN MY ROOM EVER SINCE I CAME INTO TOWN.

WE LEFT, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY TRUST THE STRANGER. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT TO THE SHERIFF, BUT I DECIDED TO COME BACK TO THE HOTEL ROOM THAT **NIGHT**.

AND I **DID** THAT NIGHT, I CLIMBED UP THE FIRE ESCAPE AT THE BACK OF THE HOTEL, AND WENT TO THE STRANGER'S ROOM.



I WENT INTO HIS ROOM, AND HE WAS STANDING THERE, JUST LIKE HE **KNEW** I WAS COMING.



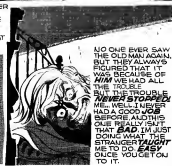
THE STRANGER **LEFT** THE NEXT DAY AND **AGAIN** THERE WERE CLOUDS IN THE SKY, AND **AGAIN**, THEY WERE **DARK** CLOUDS.



BUT THE MURDERS KEPT ON HAPPENING. NO ONE COULD FIGURE IT OUT, AND ME I DIDN'T EVEN TRY. A FEW DAYS LATER I RENTED THE STRANGER'S ROOM AT THE HOTEL.



SEEMS THE STRANGER WAS A MESSENGER FOR SATAN, WENT AROUND BRINGING **HARDSHIP** TO PEOPLE, AND WHENEVER HE LEFT, HE MADE SURE THE **HARDSHIP STAYED**. HE SAID HE WAS ONLY ONE OF A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO DID THE SAME THING, SAID THAT HIS KIND **ALWAYS** NEEDED HELP AND THAT SATAN WASN'T TOO BAD TO WORK FOR.



NO ONE EVER SAW THE OLD MAN AGAIN, BUT THEY ALWAYS FIGURED THAT IT WAS BECAUSE OF **HIM** WE HAD ALL THE TROUBLE. BUT THE TROUBLE **NEVER STOPPED!** ME... WELL, I NEVER HAD A GOOD **JOB** BEFORE, AND THIS ONE REALLY ISN'T THAT **BAD**. I'M JUST DOING WHAT THE STRANGER **TAUGHT** ME TO DO. **EASY** ONCE YOU GET ON TO IT.

... the shifts overworking HELL
are not far from my house — I
all now looking down at the waters
that freeze the eyes — white and
glow and warm, a little girl with
ahead and across the day the old
abandoned. First Loomis boys
quietly as the wall of rock that is
Destruction showed it is level for me
to think of the night before me in
anything but the temple some it is
now — but — yesterday it was not
that way at all — yesterday the vile
thing that came up out of the Bay
made the waters level ahead and the
earth shook terribly . . .



It was a thing came up from
within the water to direct us — we
who shared the surface — the
strong came up to eat the weak . . .

THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL

by Archaic AL HEWETSON

Illustrated by Maczre MAELO CINTRON

... my name is Martin Emglon; this town is Hume on the Lake, a jut on a high flat land beside a Bay on the Atlantic. I live near the graves on Death Hill, I'm left alone and to myself — no-one cares to know the village crypt-keeper ... few come to visit their dead up here — and so, I'm left to myself ... they think I'm old and will die up here. There is nothing about Hume on the Lake to make it a special place; in the summer some people put on some old Shaw plays and people come to see them, but otherwise there's nothing here, except it's a nice, clean, pretty place ...

... yesterday I was sitting on my roof watching some boats trying to make a landing on Damnation Island. Some kids were trying to clamber onto the rocks but the waves battered their rowboats about too much and they couldn't get a hold on the slimy, smooth surfaces. They were about to give up when the waters underneath them began twisting and snarling about and the whole ocean seemed to erupt in a churning, seething tury ... then the thing came up ... coated in green slime and brown mucus, it stood erect like a man ... it was more than 8 feet high and its arms were thick as fire-logs and all gnarled like rotted tree roots ... its head was loose flesh that seemed to jiggle like jelly when it moved; its mouth was matted thick with old dead hair that hung down covering almost all its face ... it was bellowing and howling and shrieking so tiercely it deadened-out the screams of the children ...

... it grabbed one of the little boats and threw it ashore, smashing it to bits ... the kids in it were thrown all about the shore, their heads were crushed, most of them, all of them lay still and unmoving when they hit the ground. Some of the kids were drowning in the water. Two of the big boys were hitting the thing with their oars but the ghoul just grabbed them and snapped the limp bodies in half like twigs ... it was an awtul sight ...

... the sight only lasted a few minutes, I saw all of it, sitting on my perch on my roof, looking across the Bay ... the thing killed all the kids, dragged some of them back underneath with it when it decided the carnage was finished ... in its bloody wake the dead bodies of the children littered the island edge, half-in half-out the water, some of them drowned, some of them battered and smashed up beyond recognition, all of them dead ...

... they'll be buried up here in a few days I guess, up here on Death Hill ... I made a few graves this morning, thinking about them. Thinking about what I'd seen I really have to question nature and what monstrosities are on this earth that we know nothing of ... ghouls ... things living under the earth ... monsters living in the oceans we've never seen ... things without minds that can reason out their actions. It was a horrible sight — those kids all dying — makes you wonder ...

... I was wondering too, as I watched yesterday, if I could maybe kill the damn ghoul ... maybe blow its head off with a ball from my old musket. I was going to try yesterday but I was too intensely involved watching the scene, seeing the monster, seeing the kids dying ... I just didn't want to leave to get my gun less something exciting happened when I was away ... but now I'm ready — sitting here on my roof with my musket in my lap — I'm waiting for it ... when it comes up again I'll try to put a shot into its brain ...

...A WRETCHED BUNCH OF LETTERS
AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

... some interesting notes from the following WOOD-TEAM fanatics out there ... MIKE ALFORD of the University of Mississippi writes ... I spend about \$40 a month on magazines ... since I buy two of each, one for my collection and the other just to READ ... I desperately need PSYCHO #7, someone please write ...

EVAN GINZBURG of Westchester H.S. in Brooklyn writes ... my favorite characters are THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, my favorite story is a cross between WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW and NIGHT OF THE MUTANT EATERS ... my favorite tale is WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW, but my favorite artist is SULTAN, so I don't know which to pick ... If I were to make up the title of a story it'd be 'DEATH LURKS ON' ... my favorite writer is HEWITSON, favorite artist - FUJITAKE, favorite cover artist - KEN KELLY ...

... Evan's suggested story title: 'DEATH LURKS ON' is great - like so MANY of the titles we receive daily from you interested readers who are just about as weird as WE are ... like TOM HOOTEN of Greenville Junior H.S. in Greenville, Texas who suggests 'SPHAGNON LIVES' ... WILLY KOZLIK of Norfield, Ohio, who suggests 'PHOOS ARE RULERS' ... RICK CHAUL of Burlington City High in Burlington, New Jersey suggests 'SULTAN, O' SATANISM' ... ZED FOSTER of Harvey High who suggests 'FRIGHT JOEY MURDER OF Edwards Montrose who suggests 'BEWARE THE DEMONS OF EARTH' ... THERESA GIZZI of Homerville, Oklahoma, who suggests 'THE PIT OF DEATH' ... JOEY GUTH of Connecticut, Dan, who suggests 'FRANKENSTEIN'S NIGHTMARE' ... MAL DESCHAMUK of Darby J.H.S. in Darby Pennsylvania who suggests 'GARGOYLES DON'T HURT' ... CLARANACE FURKER of P.S. 96 in New York ... 'LOUIS BACK THE KNIFE' ... LOUISE SOTOLONGO of Westinghouse H.S. in Brooklyn, New York who suggests 'SCREAM OF THE BANSHIEE' ... and VICTOR

SHARPE of Lake City Elementary School in Lake City, Tennessee who suggests, 'NIGHT OF THE SWAMP MONSTER' ... word-titles all and each of 'em - and our thanks to you for sending them in ... they've got our brain pebbles going and as a result we got some pretty weird ('weird' is our word of the month) titles appearing soon ... like 'THE VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA' 'THE BOUTIQUE MACABRE' 'THE BLACK ORCHIDS AND THE TALE OF ANNE' 'THE BLACK SCULPTURE OF THE PHAIALOHS' 'THIS HAUNTED EARTH' 'AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE' ... 'UNCLE ED'S GRAVE' ... 'GET UP AND DIE AGAIN' ... 'MAXWELL'S BLOODY HAMMER' and 'I NEVER HEARD OF A GHOST ACTUALLY KILLING ANYONE!' ...

... HOWARD DAVIS architect writes as that THE HEAP is about as interesting as a 'TORNADO and that SOMETHING has gotta be DONE ... we HAVE done something - you'll note he set in this issue and he won't appear again EVER unless you, the readers, DEMAND IT ... maybe you'd like to see an article FROM LOOK to the HINDLESS MASS OF DESTRUCTION?' if so ... let us know WHAT you'd like to see and we'll get GOING on it ...

... remember the YES-HEAP/NO-HEAP VOTE? ... we're still receiving votes on it ... one of the most INTERESTING comments we received came in an envelope belonging to the MONSTER TIMES ... that "interesting" newspaper ...

... the coupon was signed 'the editors' ... the monster titles' and this is what it had to say

... without a doubt this is the best monster story we have ever read ... the great use of human pathos and human information in a model of great comic book scripting ... If you keep writing them this well, the Heap will be a funnier character than Uncle Scrooge ... the coupon also indicated the sender wishes to see the HEAP continued ...

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

congratulations to Homocidal Heretical W. (demon and Cryptic) Carlo Waldman who on the Psychic #15 June edition, gave birth to a bouncing baby boy - Alexander R. Waldman (who resembles his father) christened to us ANTIQUATED ALEX. ANTHONY ... two days after ANTIQUATED ALEXANDER was born he surprised everyone by coming into the SKYWALD office and demanding Archaic Al make him a WOOD-TEAM staff member ... when we asked him glibly whether he wanted to be a writer in an effort to pound his little gross out on the press and that 'GOD GAW UGH HOOR DOOK!' he we made him a WRITER!

WOOD-TEAM WISHES to the WALDMANS on this MACABRE BIRTH



proud and honest Waldman

RIP ... would rap talk ... we the '80s coupon on this page? ... this is going to be a regular feature from now on ... we want to know exactly what's going through your mind when you read our tales and this is the only way we know how ...

-ARCHAIC AL-

... become involved - help us understand you likes n' dislikes by taking in this coupon - the first 5 entries will receive an advance copy of the next issue ...

... NIGHTMARE # 16 ...

my favorite story this issue is :

comment :

name : _____ age :

address :

city n' other :

mail to: SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
16 East 43rd Street Box 1585
New York City, N.Y. 10017



the **BORRELL**

ANTONIO BORRELL, from the age of 4, was an artist... he loved all about art, beautiful art, the art! (You know any idea how rotten painting comes under?) All his subscriptions were from 04, and so probably all the studies were amazingly bare! Besides comics, Borrell loves posters and more sculpture! (At the age of 10, Borrell sculptured a 26-foot high, 2,000 ton statue of Gimpsey the Bear... unfortunately I was too heavy it sank beneath the earth and hasn't been seen since!) Archology has also been of great interest to Borrell (and as workmen, you can find him in his backyard digging for the state of Phoenix, New York, it's some... unfortunately, Borrell the... the state was a personal museum, several magnificent historical and sculptural works of his own creation, and certain important Gods about the origin of man... Borrell took the best advantage himself in color art and sculpture... Borrell may be approaching sunset... Borrell Borrell is a beautiful creature with an exciting feeling for horror... and has a great future!



SAMPLES FROM THE
HORROR-MOOD WORKS OF
BORRELL

WHERE
ARE YOUR
MEN?

WE GOT BUSTED
UP A WHOLE BACK...
GUERRILLAS GOT US
IN A CROSS FIRE
FROM A BUNCH
TREES... WE HAD
SALUTE UP

... I WAS RUNNING
AND EVEN THE CHILD
STUMBLE IN THE
MUD AND...

KEEP YOUR HEAD
UNDER LITTLE GIRL...
UNLESS YOU WANT THE FREARS
TO BLOW IT APART
FOR YA...

YOU TRUST OL' MAWK...
I'LL GET YOU OUT...



THE
SROGGOTH
CHRONICLES

SCREAM

TALKS OF THE
HUMAN
GARGOYLES

LADY
SATAN

PSYCHO
MISFERATU

TALKS OUT OF
HELL

THE
VICTIMS

TO START OUR *FICTIONAL NARRATIVE OF THE MACHARE* WE PRESENT AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT THAT HISTORIANS *KNOW* IS *TOTALLY TRUE...*



...THIS IS A KIPC WAK WARRIOR SHIP... IT IS THE YEAR 1540.

...THIS SHIP ENTERED THIS CHINESE TRADING PORT IN THE ORIENT TO PURCHASE AND CONQUER... BUT THE DEFENSES OF THE TOWN WERE TOO *STRONG* AND THEY DEFEATED THE WARRIORS...



...ABOARD THIS SHIP WERE *SICK MEN*... THEY CARRIED WITH THEM A BARE UNARMED DISEASE FROM CHINA... ONE WHICH HORRIBLY MUTILATED AND SKEWERED THEIR BODIES WITHIN *DAYS*... HISTORY KNOWS THIS DISEASE WAS *THE BLACK PLAGUE*... AND THIS... IS HOW IT CAME TO ELUDE TO *KILL*...



...REALIZING HE WAS DEFEATED... KNOWING HIS MEN WERE DOOMED TO IMMINENT DEATH IN THE HANDS OF THIS MACABRE DISEASE... THE CAPTAIN ORDERED THE ALREADY DEAD AND DECAYING CORPSES OF MANY OF HIS CREW TO BE PLACED IN COFFINS... AND HEAVED THE DEAD INTO THE TOWN...



...AS THE SHIP SAILED OFF... THE TOWN QUICKLY CLEARED THE STREETS OF ITS DISGRACED HUMAN LITTER... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... EUROPE WAS INFECTED...



...WITHIN DAYS... MOST OF THE TOWN DIED... THOSE WHO FLED TO OTHER TOWNS AND CITIES SPREAD THE DISEASE QUICKLY... WITHIN MONTHS ALL OF EUROPE WAS TOTALLY CRIPPLED...



...DIPPED AS **ARABICA** WAS IN THE 3RD CENTURY B.C., TORNALED AS CONSTANTINOPLE WAS IN 542 A.D.,... BUT **NEVER** WAS THE **BLACK DEATH** SO **POWERFUL** AS IN 14TH CENTURY EUROPE... THE **BLACK PLAGUE** KNEW VICTIMS FROM THE **ARCTIC CIRCLE** TO THE **MEDITERRANEAN**...



...ITS VICTIMS NUMBERED IN THE MILLIONS... IN 5 MONTHS IN 1656 IN THE CITY OF NAPLES ALONE 300,000 PEOPLE **DIED**... EVEN IN THE **20TH CENTURY** **OUTBREAKS** HAVE OCCURRED IN SOUTHERN **ITALY** AFTER THE 2ND WORLD WAR... AND IN 1966 THE **BUBONIC PLAGUE** WAS REFORMED IN **VIETNAM**...



...BUT THIS SHIP CAPTAIN STARTED IT IN 1346 BY HIS FATAL ACTIONS IN THAT GIBRALTOR FORT...

...THIS IS **ANISTORY**... RECORDED **FACT** AS DEFINED BY INTERNATIONAL HISTORIANS...

...SO MUCH IS **TRUE**...

...NOW STARTS OUR FICTIONAL SUPPOSITION... WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT **MAN** WHEN HE LEFT THAT FORT WITH HIS (LITERALLY) **SKELETON CREW**... WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT **MAN**... HE, WHO SINGLE-HANDEDLY **SLAUGHTERED** **MILLIONS**...

...WHAT HAPPENED TO...

THE ROOTS OF ALL EVIL



...THIS MAN HAS NO NAME THAT IS REMEMBERED...
IF IT **WAS**... I WOULD RAISK WITH **HITLER**...
ARNOLD... **ATTILA**... THANK HEAVENS IT **ISN'T**
WE HAVE ENOUGH SUCK MAMERS TO REMEMBER
AS IT IS...



MUTINY!!

WHAT IS
THIS?

WHAT YOUR
FIRST MATE SAID...
...WE **MUTINY**...

...YOUR ACTION IN THAT
PORT WAS **DISAPPROVED**
AND **DISOBLIGING**... WHILE
WE **NOT** FROM **OVERSEAS**
YOU CONTINUE TO
USE EVERY
MEANS TO MAKE
MINE...



...THE WAR
IS FINISHED...
...WE **LOST**...

...AND AS A
RESULT YOU
KNOW WE CAN'T
RETURN **HOME**...

...NOT THAT WE'D
LIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO MAKE IT **HOME**...
WE'LL HAVE A **BETTER**
CHANCE WITHOUT YOU
AT THE **WHEEL**...





THIS IS MY SHIP...
MY SHIP...
I'VE COMMANDED THIS
SHIP FOR 20 YEARS...
YOU CAN'T HAVE
ME LEAVE FOR
THIS REASON
ALONE...
IT'S PART
OF ME!

GOODBYE
CAPTAIN!



BY GOD I'LL KILL
YOU FOR THIS...
I'LL GET MY SHIP BACK
AND I'LL SEE YOU
ROT IN HELL!

...IN THE VISIBABLE...
YOU CAN ROT WITH
SOME MORE LONG
WIVES...
...THEY AIN'T
LIVE ENOUGH
TO COMPLAIN!



BY GOD, BY GOD I'LL GET THEM...
I SWEAR I'LL GET THEM...
GET THOSE CORPSES OUT OF
HERE... GET THEM OVERBOARD!
...HAVEN'T YOU GOT
ANY BRAINS? ...
GOD...



SIR, THERE'S...
THERE IS NO FOOD
LEFT, OR WATER!

...THE RAIN IS AWFUL...
...DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD
USE YOUR PISTOL?

...ON WHAT??



ON OURSELVES...
THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF
THIS... ONLY DEATH IN THE
FUTURE... A PAINFUL,
WASTED DEATH! LET US
DIE NOW... BEFORE WE
DIE FROM THE
HORRIBLE RAIN
ITSELF...



STUPID COMRADES...
...KILL YOURSELVES IF YOU
LIKE... HERE IS THE GUN...
...I WON'T... I WILL DIE
ONLY ON MY SHIP,
NOWHERE ELSE...



WAAK









THE BODIES...
AREN'T DEAD...
THEY'RE **GROWING**
CHANGING...

...NO, THEY'RE
ROTTING
BEFORE MY
EYES... ...THEY'RE
RETURNING
THEM TO THEIR
ORIGINAL FORM...
FLESH... BONELESS
TUSH... LIKE NA HUMAN
WOMB...

...TURNING THEM
INTO THEIR
ORIGINAL
SHAPE...

RRRMMMGGMMM



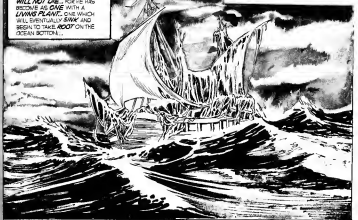
MY GOD...
MY LEGS ARE **ROTTING**...
DETERIORATING TO
THEIR ORIGINAL FORM...
BUT THE DECK IS ALSO
CHANGING...



...THE DECK IS **GROWING** INTO
MY LEGS... EVERYTHING IS RETURNING
TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE...
I'M **ROTTING ALIVE** TO THE
LIVING DECK...

THE SHIP IS
TURNING BACK INTO A
LIVING TREE...
...I'M TAKING
ROOT !!!...

...WHAT IS SCIENTIFICALLY & THEIR
POSSIBLE OR PROBABLE ABOARD
THE DECKS OF THIS DEFORMED
LIVING SHIP IS HARDLY THE POINT...
THE **ROOTS OF ALL EVIL**
HAVEN'T TAKEN THIS **MADMAN**
BY THE TARDY... BY NOW AND WILL
SOON TWIST AND BAWL... AT IT TILL
HE **SUFFOCATES**... BUT HE
WILL NOT DIE... FOR HE HAS
BECOME AS ONE WITH A
LIVING PLANT... ONE WHICH
WILL EVENTUALLY **SINK** AND
BEGIN TO TAKE **ROOT** ON THE
OCEAN BOTTOM...



AUGUSTINE FUNNELL REVIEWS

... THE HORROR BOOK OF THE YEAR ...

I AM LEGEND

the novel by
RICHARD MATHESON



WOOD-TEAM BOOK CRITIC
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL



RICHARD MATHESON is so far above GENIUS that there should be another word to describe men of his ilk. Of course, there IS no one else of his ilk ... and if you don't believe me, read I AM LEGEND. Since first reading the book (and brother, I've read I AM LEGEND a good number of times) I have never found anything with its POWER ...

It's the tale of the last man on Earth but before you go thinking it's another rehash of THAT old plot, lemme explain.

There are others — but they're VAMPIRES! Matheson has his hero Robert Neville, pitted against these — ahem — gentlemen in an epic struggle for survival. Now, MAN VS. VAMPIRE might sound okay, but Mr. Matheson doesn't STOP there! It's MAN VS. TWO DIFFERENT KINDS OF VAMPIRES!

This CLASSIC is written with our STYLE that once you read it, you'll be in LOVE with it ... if only for a somewhat SCIENTIFIC explanation of vampirism that doesn't destroy all our SUPERNATURAL beliefs ... And if THAT doesn't grab you, the ENDING is gonna leave your spine TINGLING like it's never tingled BEFORE!

Believe me, there has NEVER been a book like this one, and unless Mr. Matheson writes it, there will never be ANOTHER. I AM LEGEND is not a curve book, but it's my nomination for a horror novel of ANY YEAR! I recommend it!

GENE
DAY '73

... and GENE DAY illustrated this dramatic scene of horror from I AM LEGEND, portraying Rob Neville moments after his slaughter of several vampire things who dominate this future-earth ...



... many of our readers will know 'I AM LEGEND' by another title ... 'THE OMEGA MAN' ... a few years ago the book was adapted for the macabre B-grade Screen cinema with Charlton Heston in the lead role -- it was an exciting and well-made movie (the not completely accurate to the original novel) and we recommend you see it ... 'The horrors of the future have never been so clearly dramatized as in THE OMEGA MAN' -- based on I AM LEGEND by Richard Matheson ... It's a 'HORROR-WINNER'.

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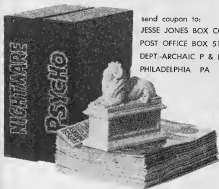
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ON THE WINGS OF NETHER MIST,
THE SOFT AND SENSUOUS MURMURS PASS,
TWIXT MARBLE STONES OF ANCESTORS' PARTY

GNAWLED-RIBBONOUS SHADOWS FLOAT,
WEATH' HOARY LIMBS OF ROTTEN OAK,
AS MEMBRANOUS WINGS BEAT SOFTLY
IN THE NIGHT!

THE SOUNDS OF SPIRITLESS SHADOWS,
WHO BEAR THE CRIMSON SIGNET,
WHO FINE-CLAD SLEEP WITHIN
THE EMBRACE OF DEATH,
WHILE NEVER HAVING DIED...

THE

WRITTEN BY BO FERRIS
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDO MARCOS

VAMPIRE!

FREDO
MARCOS

BETWIXT THE THIN LINE THAT SEPARATES
THE GROTESQUE PATCHWORKS OF NIGHT
FROM MERE SHADOWS OF THE DAY, AN
OMINOUS SILHOUETTE STANDS BLACK
AGAINST THE LUMINOUS ORB.



A TATTOO, BEATEN BY
HEAVY SKINNED WINGS
AS THEY CUP THE PRE-
DAWN BREEZES...



... PRESAGES THE
LANDING OF BAT
TURNED MAN!!!



INDEED, THIS
NIGHT HAS NOT BEEN
WITHOUT IT'S
GLORIES!!!



BUT NOW, WITH
BODY'S THIRST QUENCHED,
MY MIND CRIES FOR
NOTHING BUT REST!!!



HOME... SANCTUM SANCTORUM
OF CARNAL ILLUSIONS? DAWN
AWAKENS A DREAM OF GLORIES
POSSESSED IN THE NIGHT... THE
TENDERNESS OF MORTAL FLESH
LEFT RAVAGED AND RAGGED...
PALE, WHERE ONCE THERE
WAS COLOR!!!

HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HAHAHAHA!

AAAAGGGGGHHHH!!!

MOMMA...
MOMMA...
HELP ME,
MOMMA!

MOMMA!

AAAAAIEEEEE!



AS A MAJESTIC SUN RAISES ITS ANCIENT HEAD ABOVE SOARING PEAKS ON THE HORIZON...

AGAIN!!
**VOSFERATU...
THE UNDEAD!!**

DOCTOR, YOU
ARE AN EDUCATED
MAN... HOW CAN WE
RID OURSELVES OF
THIS DEMON!??

OUR SENTA-
SHE IS THE
FOURTH
CHILD THIS
WEEK!!

**OH,
SENTA-
SONTA!!**

SINCE THE
FIRST CHILD,
ON WHOSE NECK
THESE SAME
HIDEOUS
PERFORATIONS
WERE FOUND, I
HAVE BEEN STRIVING
TO RID OUR VILLAGE
OF THIS UNHOLY
PRESENCE!

BE ASSURED
TOMORROW'S
FIRST RAIN SHALL
FIND ANOTHER CHILD
IN HER PLACE!!

LET US
RETURN TO THE
VILLAGE...
**YOU WILL
MEET HIM!!**

INDEED I HAVE FOUND
THE ANSWER!! FORGIVE
ME, FOR MY HESITATION
HAS COST YOU
A DAUGHTER!!

LATER, AFTER THE INNOCENT CHILD'S BODY HAS BEEN PURIFIED BY THE LOCAL MAN OF GOD...

HOW CAN A
HERE CHILD
SLAY THIS
BLOOD
LUST!??

NO, MY
FRIEND... NOT
A "MERE"
CHILD!

HE POSSESSES
THE SPIRIT OF
A SAINT, BUT...

HIS BODY IS
AFFLICTED WITH
A MOST SINGULAR
ILLNESS!!

DAVID!!!

THE SOUNDS OF SMALL FEET RUNS THROUGH THE HOUSE, UNTIL...



THE SUN THAT ROSE UPON SUCH HORRORS NOW DESCENDS TO BRING THE HORRS OF A JUST AND SWEET REVENGE!!





BENEATH THE DARKENED SKY THE INCARNATE OF EVIL, THAT PRIME-MOVER OF PUTREFACTION LEECHES THE LIFE-BLOOD OF HIS INNOCENT PREY!!!

AS THE FIRE BURNS STEADILY, TURNING MASSIVE LOGS TO NAUGHT BUT GLOWING EMBERS...



WHEN WILL THIS PERVERSION OF NATURE END??

HOW MUCH LONGER WILL HE FEAST ON THE INNOCENT BLOOD OF MY SON???

SCANT SECONDS LATER, AS THE LIFELESS YOUTH IS TOSSED ASIDE...

NOW!!!

BAM! BAM!

BAM! BAM!

BAM! BAM!



HA HA HA HA

HERE BULLETS CANNOT STOP THE UNDEAD... YOU ARE FOOLS!!!

BAM!



KEEP FIRING! KEEP FIRING!

BAM! BAM!

BAM! BAM!

SOON, AS EARLY
EVENING NOTES THE
BEATING OF **SLUGGISH**
MEMBRANOUS WINGS...

WINGS
GETTING
HEAVY...
WEAK!!
MUST REST...
MUST REST!!!

WHAT IS
HAPPENING??
CAN HARDLY
WALK.

...HUNNY??
WHAT'S
THIS...

-BLOOD!?!



I HAVE TRIED
EVERYTHING!!!

**THE
BLEEDING
WILL NOT
CEASE!!!**

"SWEET RIVULETS
OF SCARLET FLOW
FROM THE
PUNCTURED BODY.
ENERGY AND LIFE
WANE...UNTIL..."

**ALREADY
MY LIMBS
GROW
NUMB!!!**

LOSING BLOOD
WOUNDED!!

**HOW CAN
IT BE
POSSIBLE??!**



CRIMSON DROPS SPATTER THE FLOOR IN
AN ENDLESS STREAM, LIKE SO MANY GRAINS
OF SAND WITHIN THE **HOURGLASS**
OF DESTINY!!!



IN ANOTHER QUARTER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE...

I THINK WE HAVE
FAILED, AND YOUR
SON'S DEATH HAS
BEEN IN **VAIN!!**

I THINK **NOT**,
MY FRIEND!!

IN THE **SCIENCE**
OF **MEDICINE**,
THERE IS MUCH
TO BE **LEARNED!!**

I AM A **SIMPLE MAN!**
I DO NOT **UNDERSTAND!**

WHAT **SICKNESS**
COULD
YOUR **SON** BEAR THAT
WOULD **KILL** THE
SPAWN OF **SATAN**
HIMSELF!??

A **DISEASE**
THAT **PREVENTED**
HIS **BLOOD**
FROM
CLOTTING!!

ONCE **DRAWN** THE
BLOOD WILL **NOT**
CEASE IN ITS **FLOW**
WITHOUT **PROPER**
MEDICATION!!

YOU SEE,
MY **FRIEND**...
DAVID WAS
A...

... **BLEEDER!!!**



THE LOG OF THE WHALER "AMBERGRIS" (WHICH SAILED OUT OF BOSTON IN 1862), TELLS THIS STRANGE STORY...WHETHER IT IS TRUE OR NOT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY, AS IMPOSSIBLE AS IT IS TO THINK THAT...

HELL HATH NO FACE

BY HARVEY LAZARUS ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLANORTE

WELL,
IT'S BEEN A
GOOD TRIP,
TOM...

CAPN...
MY GOD, CAPN...
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING IN
THE WATER
TO PORT...

IT'S A
MONSTER, SIR...
IT'S CLIMBING
ABOARD THE
SHIP...

OUR BELLY
IS FULL OF
BLUBBER AN' THAT
MEANS OUR POCKETS
WILL SOON BE
FULL OF
GOLD!

AYE,
CAPN... IT'S
EN A GOOD
TRIP, SIR...



...THESE SMALL
MUSKETS WILL
NEVER HURT THAT
BLOODY
DAMNATION...

K-PWOON!

...GET THE
CANNON AROUND...
WE'LL BLAST
ITS HEAD
OFF!!

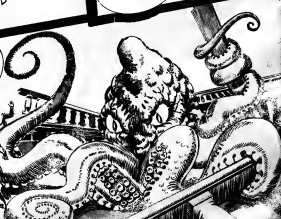
WHAT
IS IT,
CAP'N?

K-PNAAK!

WOOOM!

...IT DON'T
MATTER MUCH
WHAT IT IS...WE
JUST AVE TO KILL
IT BEFORE IT
KILLS US!

...IT DIDN'T
HAVE ANY EFFECT
'CEPT IT'S MADE
THE BEAST ANGRY...
HE'LL
DEMOLISH THE
SHIP...





LOOK OUT,
CAP'N...THE THING
IS TILTIN' THE SHIP...
IT'LL CAPSIZE
US...

NA'R...WE
GOT TOO MUCH
WEIGHT IN OUR HOLD...
BUT IF WE DON'T TAKE
TO COVER, OUR LIVES
WON'T BE WORTH A
PLUGGED CENT...



...IT SEEMS
TO BE
DEVOURING HIM...
IT SEEMS TO BE
ABSORBING HIS
BODY THROUGH
ITS SKIN
PORES...

BY GOD...
IT GOT OLD
MIKE IN THE
CROW'S
NEST...

WHAT'S
IT DOING TO
HIM?...IS
IT EATING
HIM?



...IT'S
GOIN' INTO
THE
HOLD!



...THE DAMN
THING SWALLOWED
THE PLUGGENT
BLUBBER...IT'S
AFTER THE
WHALE
MEAT!





SIR, IT'S...
BEEN IN THE HOLD
NEAR TO SIXTEEN
HOURS...

...IT CAN STAY
THERE AS LONG AS
IT WANTS...AS LONG
AS IT DON'T COME
OUT AN' KILL
ANY MORE
MEN...

...YOU WANT
SLEEP?...GO AHEAD
AN TRY THEN...YOU WANT
TO EAT? YOU MUST HAVE AN
AWFUL THICK HIDE, MAN...
I'M NOT EVEN HUNGRY...
I'M TOO DAMN
SCARED...



IT'S GETTIN'
NEAR DAWN,
SIR...

WE HAVEN'T SLEPT, SIR...
AN' THE FOOD IN THE
GALLEY...NO MAN WILL
DARE GO
NEAR IT...

...AN'
WHAT DOES
THAT
MEAN?



IT'S COMIN'
OUT, SIR...THE
SERPENT IS COMIN'
OUT!...

EVERYBODY...
JUST STAY WHERE
YOU ARE...DON'T
TRY TO ATTACK
THE MONSTER...
IT'S HAD ITS FILL
OF FOOD AN' IT JUST WANTS
TO LEAVE THE SHIP...LET IT
BE! AND WE'LL BE SAFE.



YOU WERE
RIGHT, CAP'N...
IT'S SUTHERIN'
DOWN THE
SIDE...

I TOLD
YOU...IT JUST
WANTED FOOD...

BUT WHY
COME OUT OF
THE WATER?

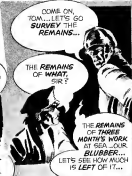
I DON'T
KNOW, PROBABLY
BECAUSE OF
THE SMELL...THE
SMELL OF DEATH...
WAS ATTRACTIVE
TO IT...THE WHALE
MEAT...



AYE...THIS TASTES GOOD NOW... I HAVE AN APPETITE LIKE THE MONSTER IT-SELF...

THE MEN WANT TO HAVE A PARTY, SIR...TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION...

ALL RIGHT... LET THEM HAVE THEIR PARTY...



COME ON, TOM...LET'S GO SURVEY THE REMAINS...

THE REMAINS OF WHAT, SIR?

THE REMAINS OF THREE MONTH'S WORK AT SEA...OUR BLUBBER... LET'S SEE HOW MUCH IS LEFT OF IT...

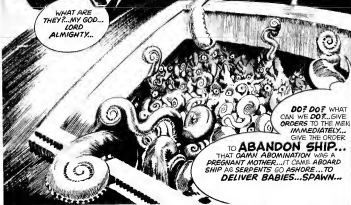


...OH, MY LORD...

...WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, SIR?



WHAT ARE THEY?...MY GOD... LORD ALMIGHTY...



DO? DO? WHAT CAN WE DO?...GIVE ORDERS TO THE MEN IMMEDIATELY... GIVE THE ORDER

TO ABANDON SHIP...
THAT DAMN ABOMINATION WAS A PREGNANT MOTHER...IT CAME ABOARD SHIP AS SERPENTS GO ASHORE... TO DELIVER BABIES...SPAWN...

HORROR PREVIEW

IS IT
NEVER TO END?
WHY?
WHY?

I CANNOT
EVEN COMMIT
SUICIDE...

THE
CURSE! THIS
DAMNED
WEREWOLF
CURSE!!



the above is in the next PSYCHO

... an extraordinary 12-page adaptation of
EDGAR ALLAN POE'S classic tale of sublime,
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Team newcomer MORBID MARO NAVA ...

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... the below is in SCREAM #3 (now on sale) ...

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WEIRD



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FREAK"
AND
"THE
HUMAN
GARGOYLES
VS. THE
HUMAN
DEAD"

miss it not!
it's
gonna
be
WEIRD!

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A SKYWALD
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BLOOD-REVENGE
DRIVES THE
MONSTER
WHO IS

**WANTED:
MORE DEAD
THAN ALIVE!**

INHUMAN BEASTS
DWELL IN THE
CITY OF SHOGGOTHS

IN
**THE SCREAM
AND THE
NIGHTMARE**

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TO MAKE YOUR
FLESH CRAWL!



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...THE **MADMAN** IS THE CAPTAIN OF
A WHALING SHIP OF THE 19TH
CENTURY... HIS NAME IS **AHAB**...
AND CAPTAIN **AHAB**...

...HE IS THE CREATION OF AMERICAN
NOVELIST **HERMAN MELVILLE**...
AUTHOR OF THE CLASSIC
MOBY DIOK...

...KNOWN TO THE **MEN WHO SAILED
WITH AHAB AS...**

THE DEMON WHALE



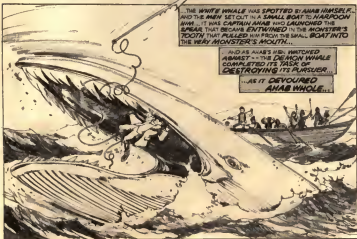
...ALL MY LIFE I'VE
SAILED THESE SEVEN SEAS...
IN SEARCH OF THE MONSTROUS
WHITE WHALE WHICH
DEVoured MY LEG...

...A GOLD COIN TO THE MAN
WHO SPOTS HIM FOR ME...
...THEN WE WILL **KILL** THE
DEMON WHALE...

...THE **WHITE WHALE** WAS SPOTTED BY **AHAB** HIMSELF...
AND THE **MEN** SET OUT IN A SMALL BOAT TO **HARPOON**
HIM... IT WAS **CAPTAIN AHAB** WHO LAUNCHED THE
SPEAR THAT BECAME **ENTWINE**D IN THE **MONSTER'S**
TOOTH THAT PULLED HIM FROM THE SMALL BOAT INTO
THE VERY **MONSTER'S** MOUTH...

...AND AS **AHAB'S** HEBEL WATCHED
AGHAST... THE **DEMON WHALE**
COMPLETED ITS TASK OF
DESTROYING ITS PURSUER...

...AS IT DEVoured
AHAB WHOLE...





NIGHTMARE

edited by ALAN HEWETSON

cover artist: BOADA

contributors

JOHN BYRNE CARDONA

MAELO CINTRON LOUIS COLLADO

EMILIO EDGAR ALLAN POE

RICARDO VILLAMONTE

DUFFY VOHLAND

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...OUR TALE OF TWO PARTS BEGINS WITH A
RATHER LONG PROLOGUE:

THE SHOGGOTH SERIES

...LOOK AT
THIS AL... OUR
CRUSADE IS
REALLY
GATHERING
MOMENTUM
... LOOK AT ALL
THE MAIL...

...EVERYONE OF THESE LETTERS
IS A DELIGHT -- EVERY ONE OF
THEM IS FROM PEOPLE WHO
BELIEVE, AS WE DO, THAT THE
SHOGGOTH THREAT IS
NOTHING TO JOKE
ABOUT...



LISTEN TO THIS
LETTER FROM A READER
IN MANHATTAN, MISSOURI...

"...WE'VE FORMED A
CLUB... EVERY WEEKEND
WE GO OUT SEARCHING
FOR SHOGGOTH TRACKS
IN THE CAVES NEAR
MANHATTAN... SEARCHING
FOR SHOGGOTHS...

...SO FAR WE'VE
FOUND EVIDENCE
THAT SUGGESTS
THEY WERE HERE
SEVERAL
CENTURIES
AGO..."



MMMMH
MIGHT BE WORTH
A TRIP OUT
THERE EH?

I FOUND TRACES
OF THEM NEAR ARKHAM
... AND IN SCOTLAND...
OTHERS HAVE FOUND THEM
IN ANTARCTICA AND IT'S
KNOWN THEY ARE ALSO
IN EGYPT...

...HERE'S
CARDONA...



HI... YOU READY?

YEH... WE'RE GOING
OVER TO THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY... TO
DO SOME RESEARCH...

LISTEN ARCHAIC,
BEFORE WE GO
ANYWHERE...
LOOK AT THIS!!



GOOD
LOAD!!



**WEIRD BEASTS SEEN
NEAR EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS**

ARCHAEOLOGISTS, DISCOVERING AROUND THE FAMOUS TOMBS OF ANKHAS AND SAKHES, WITNESSED A BEAST OF A KIND AS THEY OPENED THE CENTURALLY-CLOSED CRIST OF THE PYRAMID. A GREAT RUSH OF FOGG AIR, BLOWN OUT AND A MAJESTIC, GIGANTIC MONSTER CHARGED OFF INTO THE DESERT. THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS WHO WITNESSED THE INCIDENT DESCRIBED THE BEAST AS BEING THE SIZE OF A HORSE, WHOSE CONCEPTION IS PRINTED HEREWITH. THE ONLY WORDS WERE THE SUBJECTS' TIBBELL-L-L.



WRITTEN BY ALAN SWITZER
ILLUSTRATED BY GARY BEE



MY GOD-- THERE'S ONLY ONE BEAST THAT COULD BE...

...BUT WHAT WOULD A SHOGGOTH DO IN AN EGYPTIAN PYRAMID FOR UNCOUNTED THOUSANDS OF YEARS?...



HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW THE ANSWER TO A QUESTION LIKE THAT?

...YOU THINK WE'LL FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY?...

MAYBE... THEY HAVE A LOT OF STUFF BURIED IN BASEMENT STACKS...



MISS OUR BUT...

...DO YOU... HAVE ANY MATERIAL ON HAND... ON SHOGGOTH? DO YOU... KNOW WHAT I MEAN BY SHOGGOTH?

...NOBOD I DO BETHLEHEM... YES-- TO BOTH QUESTIONS...



...WE HAVE ON LOAN TO US FROM THE HYDRAUTIC LIBRARY IN ARIZONA... THE WORKS OF THE ARAB ABUL ALHAZED...

...AMONG WHICH IS...
...THE *Book of* NECRONOMICON...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE
... CHAPTER ONE:

THE SCREAM





...THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF CATCH HERE ...

HADN'T WE BETTER CALL THE POLICE?

NO TIME-- THE THING'LL GET AWAY!

...BEHOLD-- YOU THINK THEY'D BELIEVE US? THEY'D ACCUSE US OF STEALING IT.



...IT'S OPENING...

YOU GOT THAT PISTOL, AL?

YEH! ALWAYS CARRY THIS REVOLVER IN MY BRIEF CASE JUST IN THE EVENT I MEET ONE OF THESE THINGS IN A DARK ALLEY ONE NIGHT...



SOME KINDA TUNNEL?

THIS IS ALL A BIT INCREDIBLE... TUNNELS UNDERNEATH THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY...

DID YOU SAY INCREDIBLE? SUZETTE MY GIRL ... YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!!



WHAT'S THAT MOVING DOWN THERE?

.. I DON'T KNOW...

...THE NOISE WHAT'S THE NOISE?



MY GOD!!





WHERE DID WE GO?

THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE... IT MAY BE AN EXIT...



...WE MUSTN'T FORGET SOMETHING TERRIBLY IMPORTANT... THE SNOGGOTHS MAY LOOK LIKE BIG STUPID ANIMALS... BUT THEY'RE ANYTHING BUT...

...THEY HAVE A HIGHLY ADVANCED INTELLECTUAL SOCIETY... PROBABLY MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN OURS.

...FOR ONE THING... IT'S BEEN AROUND MILLIONS OF YEARS!

UGH!

THESE SNOGGOTHS WERE THE FIRST TO POPULATE THE EARTH... AND NOW THEY WANT TO REGAIN CONTROL...

THEY KEEP THESE LIBRARIES IN CERTAIN PLACES ABOUT THE WORLD... ALL THE IMPORTANT PSYCHOLOGICAL DEFICIENCIES OF MAN ARE RECORDED HERE...

...SO THAT... WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THEIR TAKE-OVER... THEY WILL BE PREPARED...

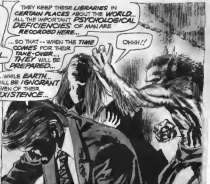
OH!!

...WHILE EARTH... WILL BE IGNORANT EVEN OF THEIR EXISTENCE...



THIS... IS A LIBRARY?

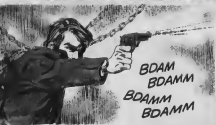
AN' I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT WHAT KIND OF LIBRARY





... PUBLISHERS NOTE :

THE FOLLOWING SCENES CANNOT BE CONSIDERED ACCURATE IN ANY DETAIL, AS MEMBERS OF THIS INVESTIGATING PARTY WERE UNCONSCIOUS FOR SEVERAL HOURS... HOWEVER, WE HAVE RE-CONSTRUCTED AN EDUCATED GUESS AT THE EVENTS OF THE FOLLOWING FEW HOURS.







... CHAPTER TWO:
THE SCREAM
AND THE NIGHTMARE

THE NIGHTMARE



OH LORD!!

UGH!!... WHERE... ARE WE...
WHERE ARE WE?

I THINK
WE'RE ALL
OKAY...

... IS EVERYONE ALRIGHT...
IS ANYONE
HURT?



WHERE
ARE WE?

DAMN ROPES... CAN'T MOVE...
STIFLING HEAT IS BLOODY
AWFUL...

... AIR IS VERY
THICK...



WE'RE
IN SOME SORT
OF CAVE...

HERE
THEY COME
FOR US...

THE SIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES WAS THE MOST ASTONISHING SCENE WE HAD EVER BEHOLD. AN EXPANSIVE OF RED OCEAN WAS BEFORE US -- TOTALLY CEILINGED BY STONE BLEACHED WHITE FROM INTERMITTENT FANTASTIC HEAT.

... THIS PLACE, WHICH WAS EXPANSIVE WITHOUT END, WE RECOGNIZED IN AN INSTANT, EACH ONE OF US KNEW INSTINCTIVELY WHEREUPON WE HAD BEEN CARRIED BY THE SNOGBOHNS...

A KIND OF HELL.

WE WERE IN THE VERY BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

WE WERE IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!



...WE WERE STRAPPED TO A KIND OF CRUDE
WOODEN BARGE...



...IT IS INCREDIBLE TO LOOK AT SUCH A
DEAD THING AS A SNOGGOTH AND TO
CONCEIVE IT CAPABLE OF THOUGHT--
BUT INDEED THE MONSTER WAS
PROBABLY MORE ADVANCED
INTELLECTUALLY THAN US...



WE WERE SO BOUND UP IN OUR
OBSCURANCE OF THE CRAFT THAT WE
DID NOT REALIZE OUR APPROACH TO
THE CITY (IF THAT WAS WHAT IT WAS,
FOR IT WAS, FOR IT WAS INCONGRUOUS
WITH ANY CITY ABOVE EARTH)...

...WHICH SLIPPED OUT INTO THE CALM DEAD WATERS
WITH A SNOGGOTH SQUATTED BY A MAKESHIFT
RUDDER...



...YET AS WE OBSERVED THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE
SIMPLE RAFT AN AWFUL THOUGHT STRUCK US...

...IT WAS, TO ALL APPEARANCES CRUDE, AND LOOKED LIKE
IT'D BEEN THROWN TOGETHER IN A MOMENT...

...BUT NO-- AS WE LOOKED CLOSER AT THE RUDDER, AND
OBSERVED HOW THE CRAFT SEEMED TO MOVE THROUGH THE
WATERS WITHOUT MOTOR POWER-- WE REALIZED THE
ASTONISHING TRUTH...

...SO ABSTRACTLY SOPHISTICATED WAS ITS ENGINEERING
AND CONSTRUCTION, ITS DESIGN WAS BEYOND OUR
UNDERSTANDING... IT WAS SUPER-STRUCTURED TO MOVE WITH
SPEED, WITHOUT POWER... MERELY BY ITS SENSE OF DESIGN
IN RELATION TO THE WAVES... A MERE TOUCH OF THE RUDDER AND
THE 'UNPOWERED RAFT' BECAME A STEP BEYOND
NUCLEAR ENERGY...



...IT WAS AT THE SHORE OF THIS OCEAN OF RED DEATH,
 RISING FROM WITHIN THE CORE OF THE EARTH TO
 MONSTROUS AND OBSCENE PROPORTIONS-- HERE,
 THE CAVERN ROOF BECAME INDISTINCT, AND AN
 OBLIQUE MIST DRIFTED OVER-- ALL THE 'CITY OF THE
 SHOG-GOths'... AS WE APPROACHED SEVERAL BEASTS
 STOOD ABOUT THE SHORE LIMPLY GLARING AT US...



... AS WE CLIMBED ONTO THE LEVY
 THEY CROWDED AROUND-- A-BOUT
 AND SEEMED TO BE STUDYING OUR
 FACES-- ETCHING US INTO THEIR
 OBSCENE MINDS...



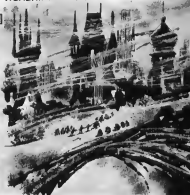
... IT WAS A TEMPLE -- OF SELF- WORSHIP
 WHERE THE SHOG-GOths CAME TO FLOT THEIR OWN
 SATISFACTION...

... IT WAS A PLACE OF THE MOST INFAMOUS
 PHILOSOPHY EVER SUPPOSED ON THE
 GROTESQUE GRAY PLANET...

... A PHILOSOPHY NOT EVEN ABUL ALMAZED
 DREAMED OF IN HIS NERDROMNICON...



... AS WE WALKED (I SAY, WALKED I MEAN-- DRAGGED)
 INTO THE CITY WE'RE 'GUIDED' TOWARDS THE TALLEST
 AND OLDEST OF ALL STRUCTURES... IT WAS A PLACE OF
 WORSHIP AND OF LAW...



I WONDER
WHAT THEY'RE
SAVING?

THAT ONE HAS A COPY
OF YOUR MAGAZINE!

-THEN-

...WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD...
FOR IF THEY KNOW ABOUT OUR
COURAGE AGAINST THEM,
WE'RE SURE TO BE NUMBER
ONE OF THEIR DEATH
LIST!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?*

...I HAVEN'T
THE VAGUEST
IDEA...

WE HAVE TO AT
LEAST TRY
SOMETHING...
... WE HAVE TO
TRY TO ESCAPE!



ESCAPE? FROM
THE CENTER OF
THE EARTH?

...I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE I'M
IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!
I THINK I'M ASLEEP... THAT'S
IT... I FELL ASLEEP
BASEMENT LIBRARY
STACKS...

THE BEST
DEFENSE
IS AN
OFFENSE...

YEH? SO
HOW'DUM YOUR
WIVES ARE
BLONDING...



IF WE GOTTA DIE DOWN HERE...
WHEREVER WE ARE... WE
MIGHT AS WELL GET IN A FEW
LICKS OF OUR OWN...



ANYTIME YOUR
READY...

...HOW
ABOUT...

...NOW...





...GOOD FORTUNE WAS THEN OUR COMPANION... THE SHOWBOATS WERE SO SLOWED AND TRIPSTAYED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE ARCH-BRIDGE THAT WE SLIGHTLY OUT-DISTANCED THEM IN THE CAVERNS...



...WE STUMBLED WITHIN THE SMOOTH ROCK-CUT TUNNEL FOR SO MANY HOURS WE LOST TRACK AND COLLAPSED FROM UTTER FATIGUE...



... WE SLEPT SEVERAL HOURS... THEN RETURNED TO OUR VIGILANT ADVANCE 'UP' WITHIN THE TUNNEL...



...WE ENTERED A CURIOUSLY CUT APARTURE IN THE EXTREME OUTER WALL OF THE CAVERN OF THE CITY ITSELF... IT'D BEEN CUT OR BORED OUT BY NATURE BUT -- BUT BY INTELLIGENCE SURPASSING THAT OF HUMAN-KIND...



... WE WERE AGAIN AT THE POINT OF EXHAUSTION, NOW EMOTIONAL AS WELL AS PHYSICAL, WHEN WE OBSERVED SOME STRANGE KIND OF A LIGHT IN SIGHT AHEAD OF US...





...THIS IS...
SOME KIND OF
BURIAL CRYPT...

...THESE
HIEROGLYPHS
ON THE WALL...

...THIS IS AN
EGYPTIAN
TOMB!



...WITH A GENUINE
EGYPTIAN MUMMY!



YOU KNOW WHAT
I THINK... THIS IS
THE TOMB OF
NARPHANZIE...
WE READ ABOUT
IT IN THE
NEWSPAPER...

...NO... IT CAN'T BE... THIS VAULT
IS CLOSED... IT'S NEVER
BEEN OPENED... IF THIS WERE
THE DISCOVERED NARPHANZIE TOMB,
THERE WOULD BE PEOPLE ABOUT
AND GUARDS...

...BUT... THIS
VAULT MAY BE IN
ANOTHER SECTION
OF THE SAME
PYRAMID...
UNDISCOVERED
YET...



...FUNNIEST
LOOKING MUMMY
I'VE EVER SEEN!

LET'S GET
THIS WALL
BROKEN
DOWN...

WHAMMM



SUNLIGHT!

STRANGE SHAPE THIS
MUMMY HAS... LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF IT FOR ONE TOMB!

C'MON SUZETTE...
WE'RE OUT THE TOMB...
NEVER MIND THE
MUMMY...







...THE...
...**SEW**... IS...
...HAVING MORE EFFECT...
...THAN WE ARE...



...NOTHING... LEFT... JUST
DUST.

**DAMN IT--DAMN IT--
DAMN IT!!**

WHAT'RE YOU
GOING ON ABOUT...
WE **DEFEATED**
IT DIDN'T WE?...
WE'RE **SAFE**
AREN'T WE?..

YEH! **SURE!** HAVES
ANY SHRED OF
PROOF AS TO WHAT
WE JUST **BATTLED**...
WHUS EVEN THE
SLIGHTEST
EVIDENCE THAT WE...

... THAT WE WERE
IN THE **MIDDLE** OF
THE **EARTH!!**
... WE'VE
**ACCOMPLISHED--
NOTHING!!**



...HOW ABOUT THE NEWSPAPERS...
...WE COULD HOLD A **PRIME CONFERENCE!**

...AND BE BRANDED AS EITHER **WITTS OR FULCITY SEEKERS...**

WELL... WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... WE KNOW WHERE THE HEADQUARTER NOW... WE ARE IN A POSITION TO GO RIGHT TO THEM IF WE WANTED...

...THERE IS... ANOTHER WAY...
...PROBABLY... THE ONLY WAY...
...WE CAN PERSONALLY LEAD AN EXPEDITION INTO THE EARTH AND DEAL WITH OURSELVES...

...AN EXPEDITION... BUT... WE NEED PEOPLE FOR AN EXPEDITION... A LOT OF PEOPLE...

PEOPLE?...

I... KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET PEOPLE ALRIGHT...



PUBLISHERS NOTE!...THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT IS THE SWORN WORD OF MISS SUZETTE DER ELST, LIBRARIAN, WHICH WE PRESENT, ALONG WITH MISS DER ELST'S PHOTOGRAPH, IN AN EFFORT TO CONVINCE YOU OF OUR SINCERITY IN THE **SHOGGOTH CRUSADE...**

"I, SUZETTE DER ELST, HEREBY DO SWEAR THAT ON THE 18TH DAY OF JULY NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THREE, I WENT TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH WITH SKYWALD ARTIST JOSE ANTON CARDOCHA AND EDITOR AL NEWSTRON...

...I DO SWEAR

THAT I HAVE READ THIS "STORY" BEFORE IT WAS PUBLISHED AND THAT EVERY WORD AND ACTION ALLUDED TO ARE IN THIS DOCUMENT IS TRUE...

- I BELIEVE THAT WE NOW DO NOT HAVE MUCH TIME ON OUR HANDS... THAT THE SHOGGOTHS WILL SOON SURFACE TO CONQUER...

AND BELIEVING WORDS EARLIER PRESENTED IN THE STORY, THE BEST DEFENSE IS AN OFFENSE; WE MUST GROUP NOW, READY OURSELVES NOW, AND ATTACK THE SHOGGOTH ENEMY FIRST...

...I CANNOT URGE THE READER ENOUGH, TO BELIEVE IN, AND TO JOIN, THE SKYWALD SHOGGOTH CRUSADE...

...THE PUBLISHERS HEREBY ANNOUNCE THAT AT SOME FUTURE DATE, WE WILL SPONSOR AN EXPEDITION "NEATH" THE EARTH... WE ASK FOR YOUR FLEDGE TO JOIN NOW... WE WILL AWARD A CERTIFICATE (8 1/2" X 11") OF MEMBERSHIP FREE OF CHARGE TO READERS JOINING IN THIS CRUSADE... NO MONEY... NO DUES... YOU RISK NO MONEY... ONLY YOUR LIFE...



I AM ENTITLED TO RECEIVE FREE OF ALL CHARGE MY MEMBERSHIP DIPLOMA PERSONALLY SIGNED BY THE ATOMIC

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS

The best story in this issue is
because _____

my favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is

because _____

I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is _____

my favorite **type** of story (horror, adventure, suspense, science fiction
sword and sorcery) is _____

stories should be (a) 5 to 10 pages long (b) 10 to 15 pages (c) 15 pages or
longer (d) variety of lengths _____

I think the photofeatures are (good, bad, or comment): _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD story TITLE is _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are
(The Human Gargoyle-Nosferatu-Frankenstein-Monster-the Heap
-Lady Satan): _____

my favorite HORROR-MOOD series are
(Darkos Manse-Tales out of Hell-The Shoggoth Mythos-The Saga of the
Victims): _____

I think text stories are (good, bad, or comment)(stories like THE SKELETON
IN THE DESERT, DEAD—BUT NOT YET BURIED, THE GHOUL OUT OF
HELL): _____

What ideas do you have for CHANGING the magazines or for NEW FEATURES? _____

my favorite cover of the 3
covers pictured below is
(check one)



25 cent
insert



full size
cover art



special
design art

comment _____

my favorite all time HORROR-
MOOD cover is _____

BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUESTIONS
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 East 41st Street, Rm. 1501, New York City, N.Y. 10017

name _____
address _____
city and all else _____

age _____

send in this page or a facsimile, so that we
can better entertain you — in the first 25
days — 25th BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF QUES-
TIONS we receive we will send an advance
copy of NIGHTMARE PRESENTS TOMB OF
HORROR SPECIAL-EDITION, and to the best
read complete, 18 BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF
QUESTIONS we receive we will send AUTO-
GRAPHED advance copies of that SPECIAL
TOMB OF HORROR EDITION — send in your
ideas to us today, and maybe WITH a free,
autographed copy of the finest horror
magazine you will ever read!



...WHATEVER IT IS, IT DOES
NOT STAY DEAD...

...WHATEVER IT WAS, IT DOES
NOT RECOGNIZE ITSELF NOW...

...WHATEVER MIND IT HAD
IS NOW DEAD UNDER THE
SWAMP WATERS. IT NOW
ACTS OUT OF A DIM
INSTINCTIVE - MEMORY
OF ITS NEED FOR REVENGE...

WRITTEN BY BOWEN ABRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCO

WANTED:
MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE

EMILIO
BERNADO

...REVENGE ON **WHAT** WE CAN ONLY **GUESS**...

... IT NOW GOES A-SEARCHING... FOR WHAT, OR FOR WHO, WE MIGHT LEARN LATER... BUT FOR NOW WE CAN ONLY WALK WITH IT AND LISTEN-IN TO ITS THOUGHTS AS IT REMEMBERS THE DIM EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW WEEKS WHICH LED-UP TO ITS WRETCHED DEATH...

... EVENTS THAT BEGIN AS IT REMEMBERS SEEING THIS POSTER...



WANTED



JUDAS ORTEGA
\$ 2000 REWARD
DEAD OR ALIVE

SO... HHA HHA...
THEY'VE LIPPED THE
REWARD ON ME...

...LAST MONTH IT WAS ONLY
500 DOLLAR... NOW IT IS
GET MUCH CLOSER TO MY
REAL WORTH...

WANTED



JUDAS ORTEGA
\$ 2000 REWARD
DEAD OR ALIVE

ORTEGA MUST'VE
MADE A REAL NAME
FOR HIMSELF...
GOT HIS REWARD
PUT UP...

... ENOUGH UP TO MAKE
IT WORTHWHILE FOR
ME TO GET 'IM...

... DEAD OR
ALIVE P

... ONLY ONE
WAY TO BRING
ME IN...

... DEAD...

... ONLY ONE WAY... DEAD... THAT'S WHEN IT
STARTED... THE HUNT...



... NOW THIS THING IS ON A HUNT...



...YOU EVER HEAR OF A MAN CALLED ORTEGA?... THIS IS HIS PICTURE...

...YOU GOT A HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS WISTER... YOU'LL TEAR-UP THIS PICTURE...



...IT WAS UNHEALTHY TO LOOK AT ORTEGA... UNHEALTHY TO BE WITHIN A SQUARE-MILE OF ORTEGA...



...IT'S UNHEALTHY EVEN TO LOOK AT IT...

NOW LISTEN MISTER...

KKI-
CRACKWICK

LISTEN TO ME
CRACKWICK... I ASKED
YOU A SIMPLE
QUESTION...

...AM I WANT A SIMPLE ANSWER!

...YEH... YEH... UP
IN THEM HILLS MISTER
... UP IN THEM HILLS
HE'S GOT A WHOLE
CAMP... ALL 'IS MEN...
ALL OF 'EM... UP IN A
CAVE...

... A SIMPLE ANSWER WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED... ONE OR TWO SIMPLE ANSWERS TO TRACK THE MAN ORTEGA...





...THERE HE IS...

...2000 BUCKS WORTH OF DEAD-MAN... PLUS HIS ARMEN SHOULD BRING AT LEAST A HUNDRED BUCKS A-PIECE...

...SOMEWHERE IN THE TOWN THE MURDERER WILL MEET THE MONSTER...

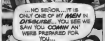


...HEY NEETER...

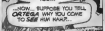
WHAT?

HOW'D THE HELL YOU GET UP HERE... AIN'T THAT YER DOWN THERE...

...FOR HIS BLOOD?



...NO SEÑOR... IT IS ONLY ONE OF MY ARMEN IN DISGUISE... YOU SEE WE SAW YOU COMIN' AN' WE'RE PREPARED FOR YOU...



...NOW... SUPPOSE YOU TELL ORTEGA WHY YOU COME TO SEE HIM NAAR...



...FOR HIS BLOOD?...



WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER MY FRIEND... THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
HHA HHAH HHAH...

...LESSIN' MBBSTER... YOU ANSWER MY QUESTION NOW OR I BLOW-OFF THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD...

...I CAME TO JOIN YOU... I HEARD ABOUT YOU AN' I WANTED TO JOIN YOU...

HAAAA HAAAA
HANA HANA
YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL MBBSTER?

...YOU TAKE ORTEGA FOR A FOOL? THERE BES W'ONLY ONE WAY TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THAT SENOR...

...A FOOL? NO... NEVER!...

BOAMM

BDAMM
BDAMM

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
KILL IT!...

...KILL IT!...







...I'M THE SHERIFF...
WHOMER OR WHATEVER
YOU ARE JUST FREEZE
IN YOUR TRACKS!...



YOU KEEP YOUR
CAMP WELL-
GUARDED
ORTESA...

...HRRR...
WEBSTER... EFF YOU
WERE AS HUNTED AS
I AM YOU WOULD MAKE
SURE NO-ONE GOT
NEAR YOU JUS LIKE
I DO...



... SO SERVO...
WE MEET AGAIN... YOU
HUNT ME EVEN THO
YOU HAVE MY BULLET
IN YOUR LEG...

...OR MAYBE THAT
BEE WHY EH BRINSO?
MAYBE BECAUSE I
PUT A BULLET IN YOUR
LEG...



YOU NO LIKE
TO TALK TOO
MUCH EH? WHAT
BEE YOUR
NAME?

...INGELS...



...WELL WEBSTER INGELS... I
BECOMING VERY USED TO SEE
YOUR FACE EH? I SEE IT
TWICE BEEN ONE WEEK...

...I TELL YOU INGELS... I
GETTING SACK TO
SEE YOUR FACE...



...WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS HE?

KAPPOW!

...WHERE
IS HE?...

...BLOOD...
IN THE AIR...

...NO
MAGA, NOT
AGAIN... NOT
IN AMERICA

YES MAGA
TONIGHT IS THE
NIGHT OF THE FULL
MOON... TONIGHT
THERE IS THE SHELL
OF BLOOD IN
THE AIR...





WAIT... WAIT... WHERE
ARE YOU GOING... I... I...
I LIBERATED YOU FROM
DEATH WHY DO YOU
FLEE ME...

... HE CAN'T
BE FAR AWAY...
I CAN STILL
SMELL THE
PIG...

ORTEGA...
A MONSTER...
A MONSTER
ATTACKS
US...

FLEE IT...
IT IS AN
UNDEAD
THING!



AFFEYY...
WHY DO YOU
ATTACK ME
MONSTER?...

GET
AWAY!!

BOAMM
BOAMM
BOAMM

... SHUT
YER FACE
ORTEGA...

... I AM INSELS...



... DUE SOME
REVENGE!...

... I CAN
STILL SMELL
THE
MONSTER!...



AND NOW I HAVE MY REVENGE...

HALF MY HEAD.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME... I'M CHANGING BACK TO A MAN AGAIN I... I... MUST NOT...

... AS A MAN I HAVE LOST...



BUT ORTEGA DID NOT STAY DEAD... ORTEGA HAD BEEN MURDERED... BY A MONSTER... NOW HE HUNTS THE MONSTER... NOW HE HUNTS THE MONSTER FOR HIS REVENGE.

... WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THE MONSTER? WHERE IS THE MONSTER INGELS? WHERE IS THE WRETCHED GASTLY INGELS?...



PROLOGUE TO A TALE OF HORROR

...THE CONTESTANTS ENTER THE RING... ONE WILL WIN-- ONE WILL DIE, IN PAIN, IN HORROR...
...THEY SHALL BURN IN HELL...



...DESPITE THE APPLAUD OF THE CROWDS -- CHEERING THE ONE WHO IS FORE-ORDAINED TO WIN BEFORE THE BATTLE EVEN BEGINS...
...DESPITE THIS, THERE IS A HUSH OVER THE STADIUM, FOR THE WATCHERS PRETEND THEY DO NOT KNOW WHO WILL WIN...



...THE TRIUMPHANT ONE DRIVES THE SPEARS INTO THE MONSTER'S HEAD-- AND THE SIGHT OF THE BLOOD DEMANDS A SCREAM FROM THE BULL, THE CROWD'S ROAR, THE BLOOD DRENCHES THE VICTOR AND MAN'S CHALLENGE IS SATIATED... HE HAS WON-- AS HE HAS ALWAYS WON-- AS HE WILL ALWAYS WIN... THE ONLY BATTLE MAN EVER LOSES IS AGAINST HIMSELF... AND THUS OUR TALE TAKES CHARACTER AND FORM...



...THEY PRETEND THE MATADOR IS NOT A CORPSE-- BUT HE IS-- HE'S A DEAD THING -- A DEAD OLD MAN WHO LOST THE HONOR OF CALLING HIMSELF A MAN THE MOMENT HE ENTERED THE ARENA... MAN AGAINST BEAST... THE CONTEST BETWEEN MAN AND NOBLE, WOLFBY BEAST... A DEAD OLD JOKE... FOR WHILE THE BEAST HAS BRAIN-- THE MAN HAS A BRAIN... AND CONTEST IS A FABLE-- FOR THERE IS NO CONTEST WHEN THE END IS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION...



...GERMANY, 1945--THE CITY
OF BERLIN, AT NIGHTFALL
...HERE WE BEGIN OUR
TALE...

WRITTEN BY ALAN SCHWARTZ ILLUSTRATED BY COLLEDO

A TALE OF HORROR



THEY... THEY
ARE COMING... MY
DEAR GOD... MY
DEAR LORD, THEY
ARE COMING...



THIS IS THE END!
GERMANY HAS FALLEN--
BERLIN HAS FALLEN--
-- THE ARMIES ARE
IN RUIN...



HELP ME... MY HOUSE
WAS BOMBED... MY
CHILD IS TRAPPED...

I-I CAN'T
HELP YOU
NOW!

I NEED HELP
NOW... MY
DAUGHTER IS
TRAPPED...
SHE IS DYING...
PLEASE HELP
ME...



NO--NO--
GO AWAY... I
CANNOT HELP
YOU--NOT NOW--
GERMANY HAS
FALLEN--I AM
ONLY A PRIVATE--
I CANNOT HELP
YOU...



I COULDN'T HELP THAT WOMAN... I COULDN'T HELP HER... THE ALLIES WILL BE IN THE CITY VERY SOON. THEY WOULD DISCOVER ME... I WOULD BE SHOT... THEY WILL SHOOT ME... AND THEY'LL GET HER CALLED OUT TOO...

YES-- I THOUGHT ABOUT HELPING HER BUT I-- I DON'T HAVE TO HELP HER. THEY WILL HELP HER...

I MUST GO BACK TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN IN FRIEDBURG... BACK TO BE A FARMER AS I WAS BEFORE THE WAR BEGAN-- I'M NOT A SOLDIER... I'M A FARMER... I'M A FAMILY MAN... I MUST GO HOME... I MUST GO BACK HOME...

AT LEAST I CAN SAY I NEVER KILLED ANYBODY... I NEVER SHOT ANYBODY OR KILLED ANYBODY... I NEVER HAD THE CHANCE... I NEVER HAD THE RESPONSIBILITY TO KILL ANYBODY-- I MUST GO HOME... BECOME A FARMER AGAIN-- THE WAR IS OVER NOW... OVER AND DONE WITH...

FOOTSTEPS-- MANY FEET... SOLDIERS... MUST AIDE FROM THEM!





THEY ARE WEARING
GERMAN UNIFORMS--
A PLATOON... AN
ORGANIZED
PLATOON...



I'M GOING
HOME, DEAR LORD,
HOME TO MY
FAMILY!



MY GOD--I AM
OUTSIDE THE
FLUENNER'S BUNKER...
IT'S UNSGUARDED...
WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?
...THE FLUENNER HAS
LEFT BERLIN?



YOU THERE--
COME HERE!

ME SIR?

YES
YOU--
COME
HERE!



YOU ARE NEEDED-- THERE ARE NO
MESSAGERS LEFT... THE FLUENNER
REQUIRES A MESSAGE SENT...

WHAT?
THE FLUENNER?... I
DON'T UNDERSTAND
I-I...

YOU ARE NOT
REQUIRED TO UNDERSTAND
--YOU ARE REQUIRED TO
FOLLOW ORDERS... COME
INTO THE BUNKER... I
WILL GET YOU THE
MESSAGE...



WAIT OUT HERE-- I WILL GET THE MESSAGE... IT IS VERY PRIVATE

YES SIR

THIS IS A GREAT HONOR-- TO PERFORM A PERSONAL SERVICE FOR THE FUHRER...

SO... YOU ARE TO TAKE A MESSAGE FOR THE FUHRER BHP THE LINES OUT OF BERLIN ARE ALL BROKEN YOU KNOW-- S.S. LIEUTENANT HELDON HAS BEEN RECRUITING SOLDIERS LIKE YOU ALL DAY... TO DELIVER MESSAGES TO THE FRONT LINES...

TO THE FRONT LINES? THERE ARE UNITS STILL IN OPERATION?

OFFENSIVES? BUT THE ALLIES ARE ENTERING BERLIN...

BERLIN IS NOT YET LOST! NEITHER IS GERMANY. WE WILL WIN YET-- THE GENIUS OF THE FUHRER WILL PERMIT US TO GAIN CONTROL OF OUR FRONTIERS ONCE AGAIN!



OH YES-- ALL OVER GERMANY THERE ARE UNITS... YOU MIGHT HAVE TO TRAVEL QUITE A DISTANCE... THE FUHRER HAS BEEN ORDERING IMPORTANT OFFENSIVES ALL DAY.



...HERE IS THE MESSAGE...

...HAVE THE SOLDIER COME IN-- I WANT TO SPEAK TO HIM...

NO! NO! BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY-- SAY NOTHING DEPRESSING... JUST LISTEN TO WHAT HE SAYS...

HELLO, HITLER!

... COME IN MY BOY... COME AND SIT DOWN HERE -- BE RELAXED...

WHAT IS YOUR NAME? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

I AM PRIVATE WILHELM OELDER, MY FUBNER-- OF FRIEDBURG...

FRIEDBURG? OH YES-- A NICE PLACE -- VERY NICE, WILL NOW PRIVATE OELDER, YOU MAY WONDER WHY YOU ARE HERE, AND I SHALL TELL YOU WHY YOU HAVE THIS ADVOR... BECAUSE TODAY I HAVE SENT ALL MY MESSENGERS, AND MY PRIVATES LIKE YOURSELF TO THE FRONT LINES WITH MY ORDERS FOR OFFENSIVE S... WE ARE MAKING SUCH GRAND OFFENSIVES ON ALL QUARTERS

THAT I HAVE ACTUALLY EXHAUSTED MY COMPLETE SUPPLY OF MESSENGERS...

I UNDERSTAND MY FUBNER BUT-I-I...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU PERSONALLY EH? WELL YOU ARE TO CARRY THE MOST IMPORTANT MESSAGE OF THE DAY... IT IS SO IMPORTANT I SHOULD SEND A GENERAL... HOWEVER, SO MANY OF THEM ARE TRAITORS I DON'T KNOW WHO TO TRUST, YOU UNDERSTAND EH?

THIS IS A MOST IMPORTANT MESSAGE-- IT IS TO AN UNDERGROUND GROUP IN OLDENBURG... YOU KNOW WHERE OLDENBURG IS EH?

YES SIR.

I WILL TAKE THEM THIS MESSAGE, MY FUBNER.

YES-- TAKE THEM THIS MESSAGE... AND GO WITH MY BLESSING BOY, KNOWING THAT BY ACTIVATING THESE SOLDIERS YOU MAY BE MY MOST IMPORTANT AID IN WINNING THIS WAR... MY MOST IMPORTANT AID...

WELL-- IN OLDENBURG THERE IS AN UNDERGROUND GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO ARE SO IMPORTANT WE CAN USE THEM TO GREAT ADVANTAGE... THEY CAN HELP US TIGHTEN OUR FRONTIERS... THEY ARE VERY IMPORTANT... THEY HAVE HELPED US BEFORE AND WERE OF GREAT VALUE... BUT THIS TIME WE CAN USE THE UNDERGROUND IN AN OVERGROUND FASHION...



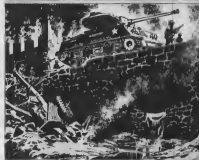
A SPECIAL UNIT OF SOLDIERS-- UNDERGROUND TILL THIS NIGHT... THEY MUST BE S.S.-- THEY MUST BE INFILTRATORS INTO THE CONFIDENCE OF THE ALLIES... I AM NOT SO STUPID-- I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE... A SPECIAL UNIT OF SPIES... THEY WILL INFILTRATE ENEMY



RANKS AND ASSASSINATE THE GENERALS AND COMMANDERS-- THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION...



... SOLDIERS... WHAT ARE THEY? AMERICANS? I MUST HIDE--



THE FUHRER SAID I WAS HIS MOST IMPORTANT AID AT THIS TIME IN THE WAR... WHY DO I HESITATE?... WHY DO I NOT DELIVER THE MESSAGE?... I AM NOT A COWARD... I AM A PERSONAL AID OF THE FUHRER...



...WHY DO I
FALTER? I AM
NOT A
COWARD... THE
AMERICANS
HAVE PASSED...



THE FUENNER SAID THIS MESSAGE COULD
WIN THE WAR-- NO SPECIAL UNIT CAN BE SO
SPECIAL THAT IT CAN WIN, IT CAN ONLY DELAY
THE WAR... IS OVER NOW... THE BRITISH AND THE
AMERICANS AND THE RUSSIANS HAVE ENTERED
BERLIN... WHAT CAN I DO-- I CAN DO NOTHING...
WHAT CAN I DO-- I CAN DO NOTHING...
THE FUENNER IS MISTAKEN--
THIS MESSAGE CANNOT
BE THAT IMPORTANT.



NO... I DARE NOT OPEN
IT... IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO
OPEN A PERSONAL MESSAGE OF
THE FUENNER... WHO AM
I TO JUDGE THE WORTH OF
A PERSONAL MESSAGE
OF THE FUENNER
HIMSELF...





I'M GOING HOME TO
MY WIFE AND
CHILDREN ON THE
FARM... TO HELL
WITH THE WAR AND
TO HELL WITH THE
FUEHRER...



... THE FUEHRER
HAS NOT SENT
WORD... WHAT
SHOULD WE
DO?

IT'S OBVIOUS THE WAR
IS LOST-- THE
FUEHRER WANTED
TO USE US TOO
LONG... HE IS
PROBABLY DEAD...

HE MIGHT
HAVE RUN OFF
SOMEWHERE TO
SECLUSION!

NOT THE FUEHRER--
HE WOULD USE US AT
THIS TIME WERE HE
ALIVE... ADOLF
HITLER IS DEAD,
AND GERMANY IS
LOST... WE MIGHT AS
WELL RETURN TO
OUR HOMES...

... THERE IS ALWAYS AN EPICUS
TO A TALE OF HORROR ...



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...FOR THE MOST W&D NARRATIVE WHICH YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ, I NEITHER EXPECT NOR ASK BELIEF... MY ONLY PURPOSE IS TO PLACE BEFORE THE WORLD, PLAINLY--A SERIES OF COMMON HOUSEHOLD EVENTS, WHICH MIGHT INDEED BE CALLED...

The BLACK CAT




...AS A CHILD I HAD BEEN SURROUNDED BY ANIMALS... AND NOW AS AN ADULT MARRIED MAN I WAS DELIGHTED TO KEEP MANY PETS-- INCLUDING BIRDS, GOLDFISH, A DOG, RABBITS, A MONKEY... AND A CAT...



HE WAS A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL, ENTIRELY BLACK... AND WAS SO FOND OF ME I SEEMED NEVER TO BE APART FROM HIM... FOR HE WOULD FOLLOW ME ABOUT EVERYWHERE.

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD YELLANDOTT



...BUT MY RECENT DRINKING HABITS REDUCED ME TO FIGHTING AND ABUSING MY PETS AND... EVEN MY POOR WIFE ...

NO, EDGAR... NO MORE... ENOUGH... PLEASE...

LET THAT BE ENOUGH!



...STRUMPET... WRETCH... I SAW HOW YOU LOOKED AT THE MAILMAN... WANTON WENCH!

...AND WHEN MY DRINKING GREW WORSE...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, PLUTO!

LEAVE HIM BE, EDGAR...

LEAVE HIM BE? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO LEAVE HIM BE!



**EDGAR!
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING?**

...WITH MY KNIFE...OH, HORRORS...I CUT OUT MY BELOVED PET'S EYES...



EDGAR...
OH, GOD...STOP
IT! STOP IT!

IN THE MORNING I WAS TOTALLY REMORSEFUL AFTER MY NIGHTS DEBACHERY... I TRIED TO APPROACH MY PET BUT HE FLED ME...AND WOULD NOT COME TO ME FOR WEEKS...



... THEN, ON ANOTHER NIGHT'S DRUNK... I TOOK PLUTO TO A TREE IN MY GARDEN AND, OH MY LORD GOD, THERE...I ...I HUNG HIM BY A ROPE TILL HE WAS DEAD...



...IN THE NIGHT I WAS AWAKENED BY...

MY LORD...
FIRE! MY HOUSE
IS ON FIRE!



...IT IS IN RUIN...
ALL OUR BELONGINGS...
ALL OUR POSSESSIONS...
WE ARE
DESTITUTE!



WE WERE REDUCED
TO TOTAL POVERTY...
AND MY DRINKING,
OF COURSE, ONLY BE-
CAME MORE INTENSE
...BUT I LOOKED AND
SEARCHED ALMOST
WITHOUT END FOR
ANOTHER BLACK CAT...
I FELT MY MURDER
OF PLUTO WAS THE
CAUSE OF ALL MY
MISFORTUNE...AND
SOMEHOW I WANTED
TO MAKE IT UP TO
ANOTHER CAT...



...I FOUND A BEAUTIFUL
BEAST IN A BAR ONE
NIGHT AND TOOK HIM
HOME...HE RESEMBLED
PLUTO TO AN ASTONISH-
ING DEGREE...AND ONLY
THE WHITE MARKS ON
HIS NECK MADE ME
REALIZE HE WAS NOT
INDEED MY OLD PET
REINCARNATED...



...BUT IN THE MORNING
WHEN I AWOKE I
REALIZED THAT THIS
ONE WAS BLUNDED
IN THE GAME EYE
AS PLUTO...

...AND THE WHITE
MARKINGS ON HIS
NECK SO CLOSELY
RESEMBLED A
MOOSE. I WAS
TERRIBLY SHAKEN...
I PICKED UP AN
AXE AND
ATTACKED THE
POOR THING...



...AND WHEN MY WIFE ATTEMPTED TO GRAB MY HAND I TURNED ON HER AND... SPLIT OPEN HER SKULL...



...I DID NOT FEEL REMORSEFUL HOWEVER, AND DECIDED TO HIDE HER BODY BEHIND THE WALL OF OUR BASEMENT APARTMENT...

...THERE, ALICE... NOW YOU ARE AWAY FROM THIS WORLD AND ITS WRETCHED MISERY... AWAY FROM ME AND THE MISFORTUNES I PILED UPON YOUR SHOULDERS...



...MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOU... AND ON ME...



...I THEN TRIED TO FIND THE CAT BUT COULD NOT ANYWHERE... HE HAD DEPARTED MY APARTMENT AND MY LIFE, AND AT LAST I WAS CONTENTED BEING ALONE WITH MY LIQUOR...





...WE'D LIKE TO LOOK AROUND, SIR...

BUT I'VE TOLD YOU... SHE'S IN NEW YORK VISITING HER MOTHER...

...JUST THE SAME, SIR... WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND...

...BUT I WAS OVER-CONFIDENT, AND FELT LIKE HAVING SOME "FUN" WITH THE POLICEMEN...

GENTLEMEN...I DELIGHT TO HAVE PROVEN MY INNOCENCE OF ANY CRIME...AS YOU SEE--THE HOUSE IS IN EXCELLENT ORDER!

YES, SIR, IT IS...

AH... THESE WALLS ARE SOLIDLY PUT TOGETHER!



WAAOOW
YUH

DEAR HEAVEN...

MY GOD...
WHAT HELLISH WALL IS THAT?

...NOW AS I SAY...I OFFER NO COMMENT... I TELL ONLY THE FACTS...BECAUSE WHAT HORRIDES BEHIND THAT WALL COULD NEVER BE COMMENTED UPON...THE POLICE RIPPED THE NEW CEMENT FROM THE WALL AND EXPOSED MY WIFE'S CORPSE...IT WAS GREATLY DECAYED AND CLOTTED WITH GORE... UPON ITS HEAD SAT THE APOCALYPTIC BEAST...



...WHO HAD SEDUCED ME TO MURDER MY WIFE...AND WHOSE INFORMING VOICE NOW CONSIGNED ME TO THE HANGMAN, EVEN AS I HAD CONSIGNED POOR PLUTO...DEAR MERCIFUL HEAVEN...I HAD WILLED THE MONSTER UP WITHIN MY WIFE'S TOMB...

SCRIPT BY
JOHN BYRNE
AND
DUFFY VORLAND

— YOU'RE THE
PLANNER. — TELL
ME HOW WE'RE
GONNA DO IT! —

... IT'S A
SHAME WE GOTTA
DO IT AT ALL — I
THINK WE SHOULD
PRESERVE IT
SOMEHOW — SO IT
CAN BE REBUILT
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

I DON'T
CARE — THAT'S
UP TO YOU! — ALL I
WONNA KNOW IS HOW
WE'RE GONNA TEAR
THIS CASTLE
DOWN! —
THE STATE
HIGHWAY IS ABOUT
A MILE AWAY — THEY'LL
BE CAUGHT UP TO THE
POINT IN ABOUT TWO
WEEKS AND THAT
CASTLE HAS GOTTA
BE GONNA HERE!



... IN SOME NORTHEASTERN STATE OF THESE
UNITED STATES STANDS A CASTLE. —
ONE THAT HAS ENDURED ALL THE ELEMENTS
OF NATURE FOR NEARLY 500 YEARS. —
IT'S NOW ON PUBLIC LAND, AND IT'S
HISTORY AND SPANISH ARE LONG
FORGOTTEN, IT'S BEING TORN DOWN
TO MAKE ROOM FOR A SPEEDIER ROAD
FROM BOSTON TO PROVIDENCE. — AND —
IT'S A SHAME — A CRYING SHAME. — FOR
THIS OLD PLACE HAS A PURPOSE — AS WE
SHALL LEARN IN:

THE CASTLE

THIS IS WERE,
PETERSON — WE'VE GOT
A PRELIMINARY PLAN
FOUNDED BY ALL
MORNING AND WE CAN'T
EVEN DEL UPON THE
FOUNDATION.

... DOESN'T MAKE ANY
SENSE — USUALLY ALL
YOU GOTTA DO IS LEARN
ON ONE OF THESE OLD
BUILDINGS AND IT'S
COLLAPSED —
WE GOTTA TRY
SOMETHING ELSE,
VINCE.



I — DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT!

... IT'S LIKE THE
DRAIN CASTLE IS
ALIVE — LIKE IT HAS A
HEART OF ITS OWN —
IT JUST DOESN'T
WONNA DIE — WE'RE
GONNA HAVE TO BOMB IT — WE'VE
TRIED EVERYTHING ELSE — THE
HIGHWAY'S GONNA BE UP TO HERE
IN A FEW DAYS — ALREADY
IT'S HOLDING UP THE GRABING





IT'S A
SHAME -- A REAL
SHAME -- SUCH A
BEAUTIFUL
CASTLE.

BEAUTIFUL
PLAYING -- BUT ALSO
MURDER -- WE HAVE NO
CHANCE -- THE AMOUNT
OF TNT WE PLANTED IN
THERE WILL SHATTER IN
WINDOWS FOR MILES
AROUND -- WE SIMPLY
HATE NO CHANCE



SOME SORT
OF -- THING -- THE
CASTLE WAS A
PRISON?

OH MY GOD --
MY GOD!!

...SOME MONTHS LATER -- AFTER THEY'D RE-CREATED THE
LIVING CASTLE PRISON -- AFTER THEY'D RE-PLANTED THE BOMBING
AROUND THE BULLOCK, WITH THE POWERS, THEREIN -- THE OFFICERS
REFLECTED FOR A WHILE ON WHAT THE THING WAS, BUT THE
ANSWERING THEY CAME UP WITH WASN'T OF A TOTAL ZERO
WHATSOEVER IT WAS, IT WAS IMPROBABLE -- WHOEVER IT WAS,
IT WAS BETTER LEFT ALONE -- SO WHEN NEXT YOU DRIVE AROUND
A LITTLE WHILE, IN A CASTLE, SOMETHING IN NEW ENGLAND,
REMEMBER IT WITHIN, AND KEEP DRIVING.



THESE ARE THE HUMAN GARGOYLES... NOW AS THEY SIT IN THIS AMERICAN COURT OF LAW IT IS WITH ANIMALITY... FOR THEY HAVE ANGERED THE COURT AND THEIR FRIEND JUDGE WALLACE...WHO PRESIDES OVER US...



...EDWARD SARTYROS...

...I HAVE ONLY KNOWN YOU A FEW WEEKS AND YET I FEEL AS IF I'VE KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE...

...YOU HAVE APPEARED BEFORE THIS COURT SO MANY TIMES YOU MIGHT AS WELL CAMP A TENT IN HERE...

...NOW I'M TELLING YOU SARTYROS...

...I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU IN THIS COURTROOM AGAIN...

...AND PUBLICLY OR PRIVATELY, EDWARD...

...I MEAN IT... SO HELP ME GOD I MEAN IT...





...BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, MINA...I WON'T BE IN THAT COURTROOM AGAIN...I SWEAR I WILL NOT EMBARRASS MY FRIEND JUDGE WALLACE AGAIN...



SO STARTS CHAPTER EIGHT OF THE TALE OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

I, GARGOYLE



EDWARD... MR. HAWKINS... I SEE YOU GOT MY BOOK PUBLISHED...



BUT MR. HAWKINS... IT'S BEEN SO SHORT A TIME SINCE IT WAS COMPLETED WHILE EDWARD WAS IN JAIL...

...MR. HAWKINS...

YES... BUT WE GOT IT OUT FAST AND THE PUBLIC REACTION HAS BEEN FANTASTIC...



...YOU'RE A RICH MAN, EDWARD...

...DON'T YOU KNOW, EDWARD? IT'S A BEST-SELLER ALREADY...

...IT'S BEING PROMOTED AS THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE MORE-THAN-HUMAN NON-HUMAN...



...WHAT?

...PAUL IS RIGHT, MR. SARTYROS DO YOU KNOW WHAT 10% OF A BEST-SELLER IS WORTH?



NO, SIR!

...BUT IT DOESN'T STOP WITH JUST ONE CHECK MY BOY... YOU HAVE PUBLIC APPEARANCES TO MAKE AND GUEST SPOTS ON TELEVISION TALK SHOWS...

...WHY YOU'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE BEFORE YOU REALIZE ON JUST THIS ONE BOOK...

WELL... WELL... AFTER YOU DO...

A FORTUNE... YOU ARE A VERY RICH MAN... ERR... BARGOYLE...

...I HAVE YOUR FIRST ROYALTY CHECK HERE FOR YOU... TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS...

...WELL... THANK YOU, SIR... THANK YOU...



...DON'T THANK ME... THANK YOURSELF... I MAKE A LITTLE MONEY TOO, YOU KNOW...



DO YOU KNOW HOW COLD IT IS OUTSIDE TONIGHT, ED?

MY NEXT GUEST IS A MAN IN THE NEWS...YOU'VE ALL READ ABOUT HIM, AND MANY OF YOU HAVE READ HIS OWN AUTOBIOGRAPHY... "I, GARGOYLE"

...IT'S SO COLD THE MIMIAN GARGOYLES HAD TO WEAR STONE BAR-MUFFS...

...WAAAAA STONE HALL PLUR... WAAAAA...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... EDWARD SARTYROS...

HOW COLD IS IT, JOHNNY?

...A LOT OF FOLKS ARE BUYING YOUR BOOK AND...I UNDERSTAND IT'S INTO ITS THIRD PRINTING ALREADY... TELL ME...

...MY FAMILY AND I ARE ABLE TO EAT FRESH FOOD AND WE NOW HAVE A NICE APARTMENT TO LIVE IN...

...NO...IN THE SOUTH BRONX...

...OUT HERE IN CALIFORNIA?

WELCOME, EDWARD...

...HAS THE FINANCIAL SUCCESS CHANGED YOUR LIFE AT ALL?

WAAAA SOUTH BRONX WAAAA VERY FRESH WAAAA H...

YES...I MUST SAY IT HAS...

...THE SATAN BATTLE IS VERY REAL, YES...A PHYSICAL ENTITY... HOWEVER, THIS IS BECAUSE OF MY EDUCATION IN CENTURES PAST BY **ARTISTS** IN THE CATHEDRAL IN FRIEDBURG WHO BELIEVED HIM TO BE PHYSICAL...

...IN YOUR BOOK, ED YOU MAKE CONSTANT REFERENCE TO SATAN...

...YOU ARE FOREVER BATTLING HIS DEMONS SENT TO "EMBARRASS" YOU AND, WELL, QUITE FRANKLY MANY PEOPLE ARE ASKING A QUESTION...THEY'RE ASKING "DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE PHYSICAL SATAN?"...THE BIBLICAL STYLE SATAN WHO IS A VERY REAL AHH...DEITY...

...BUT I THINK THAT SATAN PRESENTS HIMSELF TO INDIVIDUALS IN DIFFERENT WAYS ACCORDING TO WHAT THE INDIVIDUAL BELIEVES SATAN TO BE...



THEREFORE...IF SOMEONE DOES NOT BELIEVE THE EXISTENCE OF SATAN THEN THERE IS NO SATAN FOR THAT MAN...AND IF HE DOES NOT BELIEVE HE IS PHYSICAL THEN HE IS NOT...

I CAN VERY EASILY BELIEVE THAT...

WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT?

WHAT?

YOU ARE AN IMPOSTER!

...WHAT IS THIS...A PUBLICITY GAG?

...HE CALLED MY SHOW STUPID...

...SOME VERY GOOD HUMOR... HMM...

...ANOTHER PLOT OF SATAN TO MAKE ME LOOK STUPID...

...I DON'T KNOW...WHAT'S GOING ON...

YOU DO KNOW, IMPOSTER...
...YOU THOUGHT TO COME OUT HERE AND POSE AS ME ON THIS STUPID TV SHOW AND MAKE MONEY AT MY EXPENSE...

NO... YOU WERE SENT HERE BY SATAN... IT'S ALL CLEAR TO ME NOW...

...ANOTHER TV FIRST LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... WHO FIGHTING HUMAN GARBOYLES...

...I'M NOT FIGHTING HIM OR ANYONE... HE'S NOT A GARBOYLE... HE'S SOME "THING" OUT OF HELL!!

...I NEVER FELT MORE LIKE FIGHTING ANYONE IN MY LIFE...

...THIS TIME SATAN HAS GONE TOO FAR...



LEAVE ME
ALONE, SPAWN
OF SATAN...

SATAN
MADE YOU
IN MY IMAGE
BUT FOR ONE
THING...



...HE DIDN'T
GIVE YOU ANY
BRAINS... IF YOU
THINK YOU CAN
HAMMACK ME
YOU'RE
WRONG...



SATAN WORKS IN
AN UNUSUAL WAY... HE'S
ALWAYS SENDS
ME ANGSTERS TO
FIGHT... I'M GIFTED
AT VERBAL BATTLE
THAN PHYSICAL
BATTLE...



...IN OTHER
WORDS,
MONSTER...

**SHUT-
UP!!**





...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES... I'M ALL RIGHT...

...BUT YOU WERE EQUALS... WHY DID ONE WIN... WHY DIDN'T YOU BOTH LOSE?



ONLY ONE COULD WIN... THE REAL HUMAN GARGOYLE...
...WHY?...
BECAUSE I WAS MEANT TO WIN... TO ENDURE THE EMBARRASSMENT OF ANOTHER POINTLESS CONFRONTATION...



...THIS TIME IN FRONT OF 30 MILLION AMERICAN TV WATCHERS... WHO NOW KNOW THAT THE COURTS AND THE NEWSPAPERS ARE RIGHT WHEN I'M CALLED A TROUBLE-MAKER... OR AT LEAST THAT I INVITE TROUBLE...



...BUT THIS TIME SATAN MADE ONE **IMMEASURABLE, STUPID MISTAKE**... FOR HIS ACTION IN SEND-ING THAT "DUPLICATE ME" TO EMBARRASS ME WHEN I APPEARED ON YOUR SHOW, SEEMS NOT TO **ME** BUT TO MY ADVANTAGE...

...FOR NOW NO LONGER IS THERE A QUESTION MARK AFTER MY NAME... NO LONGER DO PEOPLE QUESTION MY HONESTY OR MY SANITY...



...NOW EVERYBODY KNOWS I AM **INNOCENT...**

...30 MILLION AMERICANS WY-NESSUPped THE THING SENT-BY-SATAN TO PROVOKE A FIGHT...





...IT'S JUST BEAUTIFUL, EDWARD... AND WE'RE GOING TO LIVE HERE?

...WHY NOT? I BOUGHT IT... IT'S NEAR THE ATLANTIC AND SURROUNDED BY THE OPEN SPACES OF NEW ENGLAND WHERE WE CAN FEEL FREE AND ANDREW CAN HAVE SOME ROOM TO PLAY...

...IT'S BEAUTIFUL HERE, EDWARD... A WHOLE CASTLE ALL TO OURSELVES... ...EVERYTHING IS GOING SO WONDERFULLY FOR US THESE DAYS...



YES... BUT HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE SAGAW REARS HIS UGLY HEAD AGAIN...

PLAY WITH ME DADDY NIK NIK NIK

...NOT LONG, EDWARD...



SINCE THE DAY OF THEIR BIRTH THEY HAVE NEVER WON A BATTLE WITH ME, THO THEY THINK THEY HAVE WON THEM ALL...

...IT IS ALL PART OF MY PLAN...

...ONLY NOW COMING TO ITS ULTIMATE CLIMAX...

NEXT:
THE HUMAN GARGOYLES
VS. THE HUMAN DEAD

the OLD
and the NEW
are in the

PSYCHO

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